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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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Cold Cure

By KATHERINE MERSON

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26 MAY 1947

OF NEW SOUTH WALES

THE moment Sue opened her eyes she knew. She was shivery and sniffling, and her head felt as though it were packed with damp, woolly blankets. Just for a moment, pleasant prospects for the day lingered in her mind, then the horrid fact chased them away—she was undoubtedly going to have a cold.

"Botheration!" said Sue. "Oh, bother!"

She got out of bed, huddled into her housecoat, switched on the gas-fire, and drew the curtains. It was the worst kind of winter's day. To go outside on such a day would be simply asking for trouble, and if she did not appear in the office on Monday, Mr. Rivers would never forgive her.

There was the new Giori-Hair-Tonic campaign to be completed and typed; there was a conference with the Happi-Kidni-Pill people about a suggested change in their publicity policy; there was—oh, no! Sue would just

have to stay indoors, and get herself into shape for to-morrow.

Four months ago she had landed an excellent job—personal secretary to a director of Apex Advertising. You don't play fast and loose with luck like that.

Sue padded into the kitchenette and prepared her breakfast, putting it all on a tray and taking it back to bed with her. Oh, it was maddening! To be dry-docked with a bad cold in the head—and to-day of all days...

Four months ago there hadn't been a man in Sue's life. Not a man, that is, within a girl's understanding of the word. And now there were three. Pickle Fatz, having begun by giving Sue the job of her dreams, proceeded to pile extravagance upon extravagance, producing Charles Manforth, Adrian Trent, and Tony Neale practically simultaneously, like rabbits out of a hat. All of them free, attractive, and attracted.

This glut of males was certainly flattering to one's self-esteem, but at the same time it caused considerable emotional confusion.

At any moment now, Charles—or Adrian—or Tony—or even all three—would be asking

Sue how she felt about marriage, and, not unreasonably, they would expect her to know. Well, she didn't. She knew, of course, how she felt about marriage. But she quite definitely did not know how she felt about marriage with Charles—or Adrian—or Tony.

When she was with Charles she felt cherished. When she was with Adrian she felt romantic. When she was with Tony she felt gay. All the feelings were pleasant, but you could hardly make the all-important choice of a husband by them.

And to-day—Sunday—might have ended Sue's confusion. Because, for the first time on the same day, she was going out with each one of them. With Charles—a drive and lunch; with Adrian—an afternoon party; with Tony—dinner.

A golden opportunity, Sue thought, if ever there was one. Seeing them one after the other and in rapid succession was almost as good as seeing them collectively. She could judge them as a whole, and make her final choice.

That was the great idea. And an idiotic cold in the head had ruined it. Sue put her hand to her head, feeling more than somewhat delirious, pulled the telephone towards her, and dialled a number.

"Susan—how delightful! And how is my beautiful Susan this morning?" Charles' voice was typical of him—deep, confident, leisureed.

"Oh, Charles, I can't go out with

you. I'm so sorry. I've got a bad cold—"

"There was a moment's pause. "My poor sweet! But of course you must stay indoors and keep warm."

"It will be a beastly day," Sue said dolefully.

"My dear child, you cannot possibly be more disappointed than I am." There was another brief pause. "May I come round, about twelve-fifteen? Just to bring you something to read and assure myself that you're all right?"

"Oh, Charles, that would be lovely!" Sue waited a moment, then dialled another number. The telephone rang for a long time. Adrian must be writing, she thought. He must get so inspired, he doesn't hear mundane things like tele—

"Who the devil is that?" an angry voice demanded. "Waking decent citizens in the middle of the night—"

Sue was startled. "It's after nine, Adrian."

"It's my Suzanetta, my Helen, my Deirdre—darling, please forgive me, but I didn't get to bed until five. I've been working all night on a poem—a love poem, for you."

The voice was high, excited, vibrant. "You won't be late, will you? I'll be waiting—you'd never find Jupiter's place by yourself, it's—"

"Oh, Adrian, I'm terribly sorry—I can't come. I've got a bad cold."

"But I'm desolated! They're all dying to meet you. I've told them so much about you—I say, are you taking anything? For your cold, I mean."

"Well, I've got some aspirin—"

"Aspirin!" Adrian sounded quite agitated. "Listen, I'm coming over to see you this afternoon—you're far more important to me than Jupiter, even if he has half-promised to publish my poems. For how shall Hassan live, with Yaamin in her grave?" I'll be round at four, darling."

Well, Sue thought, they're very thoughtful and attentive—Charles and Adrian. Waves of slightly smug, satisfied feminine vanity floated through her. She was practically purring when she dialled a third number.

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Cold Cure Continued from page 3

THE telephone was answered instantly, the voice crisply alert.

"It's Sue, Tony. I'm frightfully sorry, but I can't meet you to-night. I've got the rottenest cold coming on."

"Oh! Look, Sue, I'm bang slap in the middle of a poster for your boss, and it's giving me plenty of trouble. I'll give you a tinkle later when I've got a moment to breathe."

The receiver clicked decisively. Sue slammed hers down with a thump, pushed the telephone back on to the table, and lay flat on her pillows, indignant. Well! Not a word of sympathy, not a murmur of disappointment, not a suggestion about coming over to hold her hand or something! Well—really! Of all the casual . . . casual . . .

Sue opened her eyes and sprang out of bed with a yelp of alarm. She had slept for over two hours, and she didn't feel a scrap better. But it was eleven-thirty. Charles was never late, and it was quite unthinkable that he should find her in bed.

She rushed round the flat—Charles hated disorder. She turned on the bath tap, disguised her bed with a blue divan-cover, slipping the pillows into matching cases. She carried the tray into the kitchenette, shot the dirty china into the sink, and reset the tray with a sherry-decanter and pretty amber glasses. She put the tray on the little table and drew it invitingly towards the fire.

With the room ready for Charles, Sue set to work on herself. She scrambled into the bath, scrubbed vigorously, scrambled out again—resisting an almost unbearable desire to drown in its warmth. She became the girl Charles liked her to be—Susan Atherton, young, lovely, groomed.

It was five past twelve. Ten minutes left, ten minutes in which to think—hard—about Charles.

Charles was at least forty-three to Sue's twenty-four, but his dark hair was scarcely touched with grey, his figure impeccably suited. He was courteous, thoughtful—and wealthy. He had shown Sue a world she hardly knew still existed.

Life with Charles would be like living in an oyster-shell—a shell lined with velvet, with all the sharp corners carefully padded so that you didn't get hurt. Any girl, Sue told herself fiercely, any girl with a grain of sense wouldn't hesitate.

Precisely at twelve-fifteen the doorbell rang.

"Oh—Charles!" Sue took the flowers with wonder. "How heavenly. Dark red roses, in winter—and on a Sunday morning. How do you manage these things?"

"Influence, my child, merely influence!" He smiled, took her hand, kissed it . . . "But come out of the draught . . ." He opened the door that Sue indicated, waited for her to pass through, closed it gently after him. He put her into a chair, sat down himself, and glanced round the room. "This is the first time I've seen your home, Susan. It's delightful—quite delightful. You have all the basic qualities on which can be developed a flawless taste."

Sue was flattered. "Thank you, Charles. There are cigarettes in that box, and there's sherry—"

Charles looked at the cigarettes and drew out his case—thin, platinum, monogrammed.

"Do you mind if I have one of my own instead?"

He sipped his sherry. "H'm. It will be nice when we can get good wines again." He stared at Sue, frowning a little. "You look very under the weather, Susan—beautiful, of course; you couldn't look anything else, but still—." The frown deepened.

"I'll ring up a doctor I know. He's got a splendid prescription for colds. It would be most unfortunate if you were still bad on Tuesday—you haven't forgotten Tuesday, have you?"

"Of course not, Charles—I'm thrilled about it." Yes, and not a little frightened, too. On Tuesday Charles was taking her to dine at his sister's house. She was his only living relative, and Sue was perfectly aware of the significance of the meeting. It would be after

that dinner that Charles would propose—or not.

He glanced at his watch. "Afraid I must be leaving you. Shortly after your call John Felden rang—I'm lunching with him at his club. We've got a big business deal on hand, you know. Can't afford to miss a thing in these days. You understand, my dear?"

"Of course, Charles."

"And you've got everything you want? Good. Look after yourself, my child—must have you fit and sparkling for Tuesday, mustn't we? I'll send my man round in the morning. No—don't get up—I'll see myself out." He kissed her hand again, charmingly, and was gone.

Sue carried the sherry-tray to the kitchenette, adding to her pile of unwashed crockery. She opened the cupboard, but it was practically bare. She hadn't bothered about week-end catering, of course, with her three eating appointments.

Back in the other room, she got out of her housecoat, stripped the bed of its cover and climbed into it thankfully. She took two more aspirins and sank back with a groan on the pillows.

Sue awoke with a start. She'd done it again. Fallen into a deep, sluggish sleep and awakened feeling as though she hadn't slept at all. She sat up, fell back quickly. I can't, Sue thought desperately, I just can't. But she did—crawled out of bed because Adrian just mustn't find her lying there, looking like a dishtowel.

She put the kettle on a low gas, set the tray for tea and staggered back with it. Once again the bed was transformed into a divan, once again she went into the bathroom, plunging her face into ice-cold water in a valiant endeavour to revive her weakening morale.

Then she got into the clothes that Adrian said made her look like Diana strayed into the twentieth century—the mulberry-green slacks, the boyish terra-cotta sweater, the studded wedge shoes. Finally she took another two aspirins, collapsed weakly in a chair, and thought—hard—about Adrian.

Sue had never met a poet before and hadn't much wanted to, thinking them a pale and puny tribe. But Adrian wasn't a bit like that. He was tall and broad and quite handsome, with brilliant dark eyes and a mop of curly black hair.

Life with Adrian would be rich spiritually, if meagre materially. Life with Adrian would be exciting, thrillingly romantic.

At half-past four she opened the door to him. He was cluttered with little parcels, but he did not drop everything to seize her in his arms in his usual way. When he did free a hand it was to produce a handkerchief and hold it to his nose—a handkerchief impregnated with eucalyptus.

"Forgive me, dearest, if I seem absurdly fussy," he apologised, "but I catch colds very easily." Inside the flat he sat down—a good two yards away from Sue—and opened a parcel.

"My poor darling sweet—nothing but aspirin all day. But I'll soon put you right. When you make the tea, lovely one, bring in the kettle and an enamel bowl, will you?"

Ten minutes later Sue's feet were turning bright pink in the basin, and a scent of mustard was now competing with the eucalyptus. Adrian poured himself a cup of tea and gazed at her fondly.

"I don't think you'd better have tea, sweet, it's so liable to overheat the blood and raise the temperature. Now—" he unwrapped another little parcel—"this is wonderful stuff—I swear by it! I want you to inhale it through the nostrils, darling, one nostril at a time, of course. And while you're sniffing, think blue—"

Sue blinked. "Think b-blue?"

"Yes—material, or sea, or clouds. Blue is a curative color, you know."

Sue stopped sniffing and concentrating on blue, and looked at Adrian in amazement.

He brightened suddenly and said, "I haven't read you my poem yet, have I? Jupiter says it's quite the best thing I've done."

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The Lighter Side

Or What Every Young Wife Should Know

THERE is no substitute known to modern science for the wifely comfort given to a young husband by a full dinner, a cosy fire, and an armchair beside a reading lamp fitted with a 100-watt Mazda. Occasionally, however, even the most understanding bride can be irritated almost beyond endurance by her inexperienced husband bringing home Mazdas of insufficient wattage.

For this he should not be too severely punished. It does little good for the young wife to tear the lamp fittings out by the roots and throw them at him.



This will merely have the effect of sending him half-crazy with excitement and fear. Rather should she give him a slice of bread and butter with sugar, seat herself on his knee and explain in a calm, unexcited way the facts of light. Praise him for his discernment in buying Mazdas in the first place—they do stay brighter longer. Emphasise that watts are really absurdly cheap. Let her indicate, in a subtle way, that she has no intention of letting her children's father be known in the neighbourhood as a meter-miser.



Then he should be led from room to room, and the wattage of Mazdas required for easy seeing explained to him—200 watts for the dining-room, 100 watts for the kitchen and bathroom, and so on.

Most young husbands mean well and need merely to be told when they do wrong. So be gentle with him, but above all, be firm.



Much as it grieves us to mention it, occasionally—very occasionally—an innocent young bride makes a similar mistake. Her sad fate is mourned in this moving ditty:

Lament for a Light Piker
Amid the splendour of a Toorak mansion
A woman softly cried and cried in vain.
Her friends grouped mournfully around her.
Wept as they sang: "She'll ne'er see him again."
Refrain (with much pity):
She's a woman whose husband don't love her.
She keeps all her Mazdas too dim.
Can't she realise
That her gummed-up eyes
Have lost all their glamour for him?
She's the type a true he-man can't care for.
The girl must be weak in the dome—
She's the bone in the ham.
She's the pip in the jam.
She's the Reason Husbands Leave Home.

Lennie Lumens

Advertisement of Australian General Electric Proprietary Ltd.
Distributors for The British Thomson Houston Co., Ltd., England.

The Australian Women's Weekly—May 31, 1947.

"Of course I always wear Morley's"

"In draughty offices or windy streets, Morley underwear keeps me cosily warm and safe from sudden chills—I'm always safe and comfortable in Morley's."

Morley "KANTSHRINK" woollens maintain an even body temperature and help increase your resistance to winter colds. They're soft and light, and easy to wash because they cannot shrink.

Morley "VELNIT" interlock cotton is luxuriously soft and smooth against your skin. It stands up to indefinite wear and washing, and its unusual elasticity ensures that a "Velnit" garment always remains true to size and fits perfectly.

"KANTSHRINK" WOOLENS for Cosy Warmth ARE GUARANTEED UNSHRINKABLE.

"VELNIT" INTERLOCK COTTON for Soft Non-Irritating Comfort.

Always look for the name
MORLEY
ON UNDERWEAR

I. & R. MORLEY PTY. LTD., BALLARAT, VIC.

THE MOVING FINGER WRITES

Another story
of the engaging
Brown family

ONE day last week a friend of mine had promised me a slap-up meal before he caught his train for Manchester. He knew of a little place—he even hinted, with a knowing wink, that he had just the shadow of a suspicion that the Black Market might contribute something to the feast. Otherwise he didn't see how they could do it.

Poor man!

For all his money he had not spent two years in the Far Countries on a Government mission as I had. He was still soldiering on with his wartime palate and appetite.

Remembering him back in 1938 as something of an epicure, it was amazing to see the gratitude with which he welcomed a cocktail consisting, I should think, of synthetic orange juice, lavish quantities of iced water, and perhaps a dash of turpentine. I was awed by the sparkle in his eyes when he saw the scraggy portion of ill-cooked pheasant served lukewarm with bitterly cold sprouts. Poor man!

So, having thanked him for the sumptuous repast and put him in his taxi, I strolled home to my rooms and opened a tin of cheese and some biscuits which kind friends had thrust into my unwilling hands in New York. I felt like a bite. Indeed, I was ravenous.

Brown's arrival was opportune. "A funny time to be eating," I said, "but won't you join me?" I opened a bottle of beer.

"You bet I will," he said eagerly. "Why, that's not mouse-trap cheese, and I haven't tasted anything else since I can remember."

Good to see Brown munching away, but even the new flavor could not stop him talking.

"Susan would say, 'Not with your mouth full, daddy,'" he began, "but I simply must tell you our wonderful news."

Never a man so full of news as Brown, though nothing ever happened to him and he should have died of boredom long ago. Fortunately he didn't know that cheese and all, he was away to a flying start.

My insomnia's cured. Incredible though it seems, we really have found a house to move into—and with two babies! People who haven't tried to do it would never understand. Sitting snug in their own homes they'd say, "But surely if they'd only made a real effort . . ." We've made every kind of effort, then came the miracle.

Miracles don't happen to people like us as a general thing, but the truth is, we had influence. Like most miracles these hard days it had to be an under-the-counter sort of thing. But we're none the less grateful on bended knee. It had begun to look as if we might have to sleep in a ditch under a hedge when Midge's mother got busy.

In defiance of all B.B.C. comedians, about the only offenders left these days, I count mothers-in-law as most valuable members of the community. In fact, I would go so far as to bet that if a man doesn't get on with his mother-in-law there's something wrong with him or his marriage. There are exceptions, of course, but me—I'm for mothers-in-law.

Old Pop had built a bungalow in the country, The Rookery by name. It had been let pre-war on a lease which had long expired. The tenants wouldn't budge—and who were we to blame them?

We knew just how they felt. We could have dug our toes in also, perhaps, against our Nice Old Ladies



*"I do love
moving,"
Susan said
eagerly.*

who'd lived for years in a bombless spa and now wanted to return to The Cottage, but we couldn't somehow.

Ma-in-law sympathized with her own tenants, too, but she wasn't going to have her grandchildren sleeping under a hedge. Had only Midge and I been concerned she might have thought it would do us good to rough it for a while.

In the ordinary course of events she isn't much of a letter writer. She runs more to postcards which say:

"Hope to be able to get over Fri. so you can both see Greer G. Shall be able to spare half fats and sweets points. Be sure to tell S. and F. gran-gran coming—Love."

Short, but very much to the point. The kind of post it is good to get.

Now she began a campaign of letter writing directed against the tenants, and the cause inspired her. She would no more have done it for herself than she would have applied for a job as one of Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies. But for Susan and Felicity—ah, that was another story!

The letters flowed in a constant stream. This one might plead or reason, the next threaten, another sheer pathos. But no day without its letter to make the blood run cold, bring the tear to the eye, or start the conscience pricking.

The bombardment went on and on. No Hun general was ever more ruthless.

At last the beleaguered tenants struck their colors.

Something broke—their hearts, their nerve, their patience. Rather

than endure any more they decided to retreat to an old house with stone floors, no sanitation, no light and no gas. They must have been masterpieces, those letters, and The Rookery was ours in the nick of time.

The next thing was to see about the move. I found a place with a large sign above the door which announced:

REMOVALS OF ALL KINDS
UNDERTAKEN
SERVICE AND CIVILITY

It was a weather-worn old sign, pre-1938 certainly, possibly dating back to even more halcyon and forgotten days.

As we had learnt to do, humble and polite, hat in hand, I went into the dusty little office and explained my business.

The gentleman behind the bat-

tered desk pushed back his cap and registered alarm and despondency, also amazement.

"You want to be moved?" He just couldn't believe it; the thing was incredible.

"Yes, please," I said, as we have learnt to speak. I nearly added "Sir" but bit it back in time.

"Ar, but when?"

"Tuesday week." I did my best to make Tuesday week seem ages ahead.

The gentleman wagged his head in regret and reproach. "Ar, very short notice."

"Ten days," I pointed out, hinting that in the Atomic Age that was a lot of time.

"Ar, but it's a question of labor. And the vans. And petrol. Ar, not so simple as you'd think. Just the other way. The Guvnor's not in. I'll ask him and you'd better look back. You want to be moved, eh?"

I put the full details of my case before him for reference to the high authority of the Guvnor: the Old Ladies had already arranged to move in on the Wednesday, the tenants of The Rookery were moving on the Tuesday and we had promised to look after their livestock for the night. And so on. The gentleman saw all this; he went so far as to admit it was fair enough. Yes, he would put it up to the Guvnor, but I would have to call back at eleven. Be sure I was there on the dot, hat in hand again, servile, turning on the timid charm as if trying to get a rabbit from the butcher.

Unfortunately the Guvnor had been in and gone out again. He hadn't been able to say rightly, the Guvnor hadn't. If I was inclined to wait . . . The Guvnor came back about noon. He wasn't as formidable looking as he had sounded, but he had a certain solemn dignity, even though wiping his moustache. That wiping of the moustache might be a good omen; perhaps he would be full of the milk of human kindness.

The Guvnor listened to my plea with a remote but not unfriendly air. He gave me the feeling that, at least, I was making out some kind of a case.

"By the sound of things," the Guvnor said at last, speaking as Montgomery might have at Alamein. "It'll be a big job. Full day. Five men this end to get the stuff down that van won't be able to get up; three for 't'other end."

He pored over a diary filled with pencil scribblings. Certain entries, ominously, had a ruthless line drawn through them. Just to get into the book might not be enough. But it would be something of a start. When the Guvnor looked up, his expression was almost encouraging. Perhaps he was a father himself. Perhaps, once upon a time, he had had to remove his own family and goods. Or would that be unprofessional, like a doctor treating his own wife? Anyway, I saw with relief that I hadn't failed entirely.

"Tell you what," said the Guvnor. "I'll do the best I can. Yes, the very best. Can't promise more. Not these days. If you look in, say, Thursday, I'll let you know for sure. If it's humanly possible I'll fix it. No one could say more than that. Not these days."

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Page 5



The lights shine bright...



... and you, lovely one, have no need to wish them kinder! For your skin has the fine-textured, velvet softness that comes of trusting Yardley beauty-creams. And when the music stops, let those expressive hands of yours emphasize the sparkle of your wit. Why not, when Yardley Hand Cream keeps them so beautifully white?

Liquefying
Cleansing Cream, 6/4
Night Cream, 6/4
Hand Cream, 5/2

Yardley
of London

NO WIND OF BLAME

By ...
**GEORGETTE
HEYER**

FOLLOWING the dismally unsuccessful party which ERMYNTRUDE CARTER, wealthy ex-actress, gives at Greystanes, her lovely country home, her husband, WALLY, is shot dead crossing the bridge to Greystanes Dower House on his way to visit his friend HAROLD WHITE.

Guests at the party included the fortune-hunting Russian Prince, ALEXIS VARASASHVILI; a farmer, ROBERT STEEL, who is known to be in love with Ermyntrude and very antagonistic to Wally; DR. MAURICE CHESTER; and HUGH DERING, a young neighbor. Ermyntrude's household comprises VICKY FANSHAWE, her daughter of a former marriage; and MARY CLIFFE, Wally's ward. During the party, Wally's conduct brought him into constant clashes with Ermyntrude and the various guests, while, as the last straw for Ermyntrude, a local youth, PERCY BAKER, turned up, declaring that Wally had had an affair with his sister and demanding money.

Questioned by INSPECTOR COOK, however, Baker hotly denies that he asked for £500, as Wally's household alleges.

Now read on:-

INSPECTOR COOK returned to the police station to be met with the news that the rifle found in the shrubbery at the Dower House had been identified. It had been registered ten years previously by the late Mr. Fanshawe, and was the property of his relict, in whose name the licence had been kept up.

The inspector drew a breath.

"Someone living in the house," he said. "Well, I thought that from the start. And the whole lot of them combining to shift the blame on to young Baker by spinning this yarn about him trying to blackmail Carter! It's that woman at the back of it, Superintendent—that screeching blonde wanting to get rid of Carter so that she can marry a foreign prince!"

"Go easy!" advised his superior. "If that was what she wanted him, she could have divorced him, couldn't she? By all accounts he gave her plenty of cause. The Chief Constable thinks this is a case for Scotland Yard."

The inspector did not agree with him, but by the time he had interviewed Robert Steel next morning and Dr. Chester's housekeeper, he was forced to admit that he could not see his way through the maze. Robert Steel's scornful demand to be told how he could have known that Carter would be on the bridge at five minutes to five seemed unanswerable.

Steel stated that he had not known that Carter had meant to visit White, and if that were true it did not seem possible that he could be the murderer. Whether it was true remained, of course, to be proved; but the inspector realised that it was not going to be an easy task to prove it.

Dr. Chester's housekeeper was a little flustered, but she perfectly recalled the "foreign gentleman's" visit, and said without an instant's hesitation that he had arrived at a few minutes to five o'clock, before the doctor had got back from the call he had to make.

The inspector went next to Greystanes. He found Lady Dering sitting with Ermyntrude, having been brought over by Hugh, who was talking to Mary in the garden. When Prake announced the inspector, Lady Dering at once got up to take her leave, and went out through the French windows to join her son.

She had exercised a most beneficial effect on Ermyntrude, who was both touched and gratified by her visit, and had unburdened her soul without much reserve. Ruth Dering's sympathetic good sense had done much to calm her agitated nerves, and she was even able to greet the inspector without any display of dramatic horror.

He came to the point without preamble, asking her whether she was



the owner of a Mannlicher-Schonauer 275 rifle, registered as No. 668942.

"I'm sure I don't know," replied Ermyntrude. "Though, now you come to mention it, I believe one of my husband's rifles was a Mannlicher-whatever-it-is. Mind you, it wasn't his best gun. A Rigby, that's what he used to swear by; and he had another gun, too, but that was only for elephants. My first husband was a big game shooter."

"When he died, madam, you kept his guns?"

"Of course I kept his guns! Not that they were any use to me, but I've soon sold his hair-brushes," said Ermyntrude, becoming a little intense. "Everything in the gun-room's kept just as he used to have it. Or, rather," she added, "it was till I married Mr. Carter, and he started messing about with things."

"Are the late Mr. Fanshawe's guns kept under lock and key, madam?"

"The gun-room isn't locked, if that's what you mean. Of course, I know very well it ought to be, but that was Mr. Carter all over! He never locked anything, without he went and lost the key, and it was a miracle when he put anything away, what's more!"

"Then anyone could have had access to your first husband's rifles?"

She stared at him. "They're in a glass case. The key's generally in the lock. What would anyone want with them? Look here, what are you driving at?"

"A Mannlicher-Schonauer 275 rifle, No. 668942, was found yesterday in the shrubbery across the stream, madam."

Ermyntrude gave a gasp, and rose from her chair, with quite surprising agility, and stalked to the door.

"Come along!" she said over her shoulder, and led the inspector to the gun-room.

In a baize-lined mahogany case with glass panels, two rifles stood in a rack which was designed to take four.

"My gracious goodness me!" exclaimed Ermyntrude.

The key was in the lock. The inspector turned it, and opened the case.

"A Holland and Holland, and a Rigby," he said, after examining the two rifles.

"That's what I told you," said Ermyntrude mechanically.

"Are there any cartridges for any of the three rifles, or did you turn them in when Mr. Fanshawe died?"

"Oh, I don't know! I can't remember. There used to be cartridges in that drawer."

The inspector pulled it open, disclosing various gun accessories, and a broken box containing a handful of cartridges. "I'll take these, if you please," he said.

"Take what you like," said Ermyntrude. "Oh, dear, whatever does this mean?"

"It means, madam, that your husband was shot by someone who had access to these guns."

Ermyntrude flung out her hands in a wide gesture. "But that's everyone or anyone!"

"It can't be quite that," said the inspector. "It must have been someone who knew the house pretty well."

"Lots of people know it well enough to find their way to the gun-room. Any of Mr. Carter's friends, for instance. Oh dear, it seems to make it worse, somehow, knowing he was

shot with one of my first husband's guns! I don't know what to think!"

The inspector followed her back to the drawing-room, where she sank on to the sofa, looking as though she were on the verge of bursting into tears. This danger was averted by her suddenly becoming aware of his presence. It seemed to annoy her, and she said sharply: "Well, what more do you want? I should have thought you'd done enough for me this morning!"

"Not quite," replied the inspector. "I want to ask you a few questions about Mr. Carter's dealings with Percy Baker."

Ermyntrude's sagging shoulders straightened. "I'm not going to discuss it! It's painful enough for me without you dragging it all up and insulting me with it."

"You informed me, madam, that

"Mary, do you think your cousin really did make up that blackmail story?" Hugh asked.

Baker demanded five hundred pounds from Mr. Carter."

"Yes, and if you ask me it was nothing but a try-on! Blackmail, that's my name for it!"

"I think I'd better tell you, madam, to save misunderstanding that Baker denies that he ever asked for such a sum."

Ermyntrude was quite unimpressed. "You don't say so! I suppose you expected him to admit he'd been blackmailing my husband?"

"I've reason to believe he may have been speaking the truth," said the inspector slowly. "Are you quite sure that five hundred was the sum your husband told you?"

"Yes, I am quite sure. Do you suppose I'd make a mistake about a thing like that?" She got up, and went to the window. "Mary! Mary! Oh, here you are! Come in here, will you, dearie?"

Mary, who was sitting under the elm-tree with Hugh and Vicki, came at once. Ermyntrude drew her into the drawing-room, pointing to the inspector.

"That man has given me the lie!" she declared. "It's not enough for me to have my husband murdered; I've got to be bullied and browbeaten by the police!"

"That's not fair, madam. All I'm doing is to ask you if you're sure the evidence you've given is correct. There's no need—"

"Silence!" said Ermyntrude, rather magnificently. "Mary, tell that creature how much money Wally wanted to pay off the Bakers!"

"Five hundred pounds," said Mary.

"Thank you, dearie. Now perhaps you'll be satisfied. Inspector Cook?"

Mary glanced quickly towards the inspector. "Is there some doubt about that? Five hundred was certainly the sum my cousin told me. I can't have been mistaken, for I thought it was out of all reason, and I said so."

"Very well, miss," said the inspector. "I won't need to trouble you further at present. Good day, madam!"

After he had gone, Ermyntrude continued to fume until she was struck by the thoughtful expression on Mary's face. She demanded to know its cause.

Mary said worriedly: "Aunt Emy, why did he ask that question?"

"Don't ask me, love! Well, I never did like policemen, and it just goes to show you, doesn't it? As though I'd make up a thing like that! Why ever would I do it when the one thing I dread is everyone finding out about Wally's goings-on with that girl?"

"Not you," Mary said. "There's no doubt Wally did say five hundred. He said it to you, and he said it to me. But was it true?"

"But, heavens alive, ducky, even Wally wouldn't ask me for five hundred for the girl unless he couldn't get out of it! I mean to say!"

"You knew already about Gladys Baker. It wasn't like making a confession to you. Supposing he wanted five hundred?"

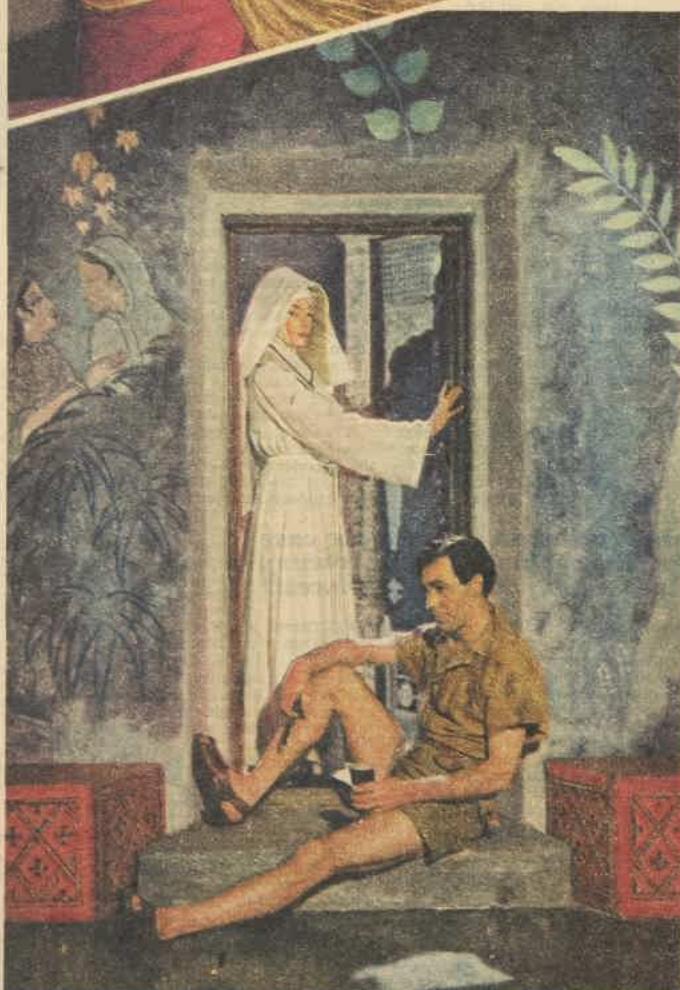
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Page 7

NEW BRITISH COLOR FILM



EXOTIC. British starlet Jean Simmons was chosen from more than 1600 applicants for the role of Kanchi, the sensual little native girl who attends the nuns' school. Bedecked in Tibetan and Nepalese jewellery, Kanchi provides one of the many problems in the remote village in the Himalayas.



3—IRRITATION is added through bantering attitude of Mr. Dean, who refuses to take the nuns' work seriously. Friendly with natives, he sets bad example by his care-free insolence toward the nuns, particularly Sister Clodagh (Deborah Kerr).



1—OPPORTUNITY for service comes to nuns when an Indian general invites them to open a school and dispensary in disused palace in Himalayan village. With the general's agent, Mr. Dean (Farrar), they study plans.

Spectacular color pictures on this page show scenes from the newly completed Archers' film, "Black Narcissus," in which beautiful British actress Deborah Kerr appears for the first time in the role of a nun.

Set in the Himalayas, the film tells the story of five English nuns who attempt to found a mission in a remote Indian village in the mountains.

Youthful Jean Simmons has an important part as the dusky native beauty Kanchi, playing opposite Sabu, who came to England for the film. Others in the cast include Flora Robson, David Farrar, and Kathleen Byron.

"Black Narcissus" follows on Archers Productions' recent outstanding success, "Stairway To Heaven," the first film ever to achieve a Royal Command performance.



4—SCHOOL ROUTINE is upset by arrival of Kanchi, wilful young native girl, who is placed in nuns' care. She finds an ally in Dilip Rai (Sabu), hothead son of General Tode Rai, who causes trouble at the school by interfering with old ayah who is beating Kanchi for stealing.



2—LOCAL PREJUDICE is strong against the sisters, for natives are unused to European ways. General Toda Rai is called on to settle problems at the palace, where servants cannot understand nuns' insistence on order and cleanliness.



5—HOLY MAN, who sits motionless facing a mountain across the valley, is encountered by Sister Clodagh and Mr. Dean. He appears to sensitive nun as a symbol of the deep-rooted Eastern mysticism which they are trying to overcome.



CONTRAST in beauty is provided by penrice Deborah Kerr, star of "Black Narcissus," who will be seen in the film as the nun, Sister Clodagh, head of the mission, whose serene faith cannot be shaken by adversity. In this more usual picture (above) the star selects jewellery from her valuable collection to wear with a sea-green taffeta evening gown.

BLACK NARCISSUS

Brilliant film with Indian background



6—NEUROTIC, bewildered Sister Ruth (Kathleen Byron), who has hoped to find peace in her assignment, renounces her vows when she finds she is in love with Dean, and flees from the palace to join him. News comes to the nuns on top of other setbacks, and, weighed down by blow, they feel their mission is failing.



7—SPIRITUAL CALM finally comes to Sister Clodagh in the face of defeat. Against Dean's advice she nurses a native child, and when it dies natives lose all faith in them, and the school is forced to close. Nuns return to Calcutta, but Sister Clodagh is convinced she can renew the work they began, and next time will succeed.



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Cold Cure

Continued from page 4

SUE sat back expectantly. This was better, this was the real Adrian—and a love poem for her, he had said on the telephone that morning. Adrian cleared his throat, unfolded a crumpled paper and read:

Clang—clang—clang—clang.
Vibrantly metallic, sordidly sonorous,
Tragically tinny, is it the bell of
Death and doom and decay,
Clanging the life-blood out of
my heart?

No!
It is the toll of the bell that
Is my love for you—
For what is love but decay, doom,
death?

Clang—clang—clang—clang—

There was a protracted silence, in which Sue groped, desperately, for the right words. Then Adrian silenced her opening mouth with a gesture.

"No, Calliopea, don't speak! Your silence is enough, I see my poem has moved you profoundly." His eyes shone with triumph. "Yes, it is undeniably the best thing I've written. And now I must get back to Jupiter. If you renew the mustard every half-hour, dearest, and continue inhaling for at least another two hours, then I'm quite sure that by the morning my Helen will be her beautiful self again."

"Oh, thank you," Sue said quickly. "Thank you, Adrian—for everything."

After he had gone, Sue sat in a sort of coma, staring bleakly at the water lapping tepidly round her feet. Then she took her feet out of the bowl and tottered hopefully to the teapot. It was drained dry. Adrian hadn't left a shred of bread and butter, either.

With painfully slow action, Sue stripped the cover off the bed, shed her clothes, and left them in heaps on the floor. She pulled the terracotta sweater on again over her pyjamas, and added an old cardigan and woolen socks, for she was shivering violently. Back in bed, she gazed at the room with a shudder—the dirty tea-things, the bowl, the wrappings from the parcels scattered everywhere. It was horrible, horrible—everything was horrible!

Of course, Tony hadn't phoned. He'd probably forgotten such a girl as Sue existed, working away at his beastly poster—the perfect specimen of a young, industrious, successful commercial artist.

"Oh, bother Tony!" Sue said aloud. She huddled down into the bed. From beneath her closed lids a river of weak, self-pitying tears cascaded down her face.

Sue's first thought was that she must be delirious, for a strange mirage greeted her. The enamel bowl, the tea-tray, the scraps of paper, the discarded clothes—all had vanished. The room was tidy. The curtains were drawn across the window, the fire threw friendly lights on the furniture. On a bedside table a large slab of chocolate and a pile of magazines had miraculously appeared.

There was something else, too—a smell coming from the kitchenette. The undeniable smell of cooking that made Sue's empty inside send up wails of protest.

"Oh!" Sue cried aloud, "oh, but I'm so hungry!"

A face, grinning cheerfully, appeared for a split second round the door. "Hold everything, the food's on its way."

That was no hallucination, anyway. That was the face of Tony Neale. But how—and when—and why—?

Tony reappeared and set a tray on Sue's lap. "Done to a turn, madam, though I say it as shouldn't."

Sue gaped. "But where—?"

"Fortunately I forgot to have any lunch in the sweat of getting the poster done. You must be starved, you silly girl. I've been detecting in your cupboard—nothing but tea and sherry—it's disgraceful."

There were two plates on the tray. Grilled steak, tinned peas, chipped potatoes, divided carefully into two portions, the one for Sue distinctly larger. A sob rose in her throat. "Oh, Tony, how sweet of you! Oh, Tony—"

"Don't cry now, dear," he said hastily. "Dinner first, weep after—if you feel like weeping afterwards, though I don't think you will."

They munched in satisfied silence. Sue sat back contentedly, looking round the room again. "Did you do all this?"

"You bet. I thought the place had been struck by a typhoon. Finished? That's a good girl—" He went away with the tray and came back with coffee—hot, sweet, comforting.

"How did you get in, Tony? And why didn't I hear you?"

He grinned. "Hear me! My dear girl, you were completely doped. I had a fit when I saw the empty aspirin bottle. All those aspirins, and no food—you practically committed suicide, you fathead. But when I tested your pulse and knew you weren't a goner I left you to your opium-dreams, and did a bit of housework."

"You know," Sue said, rather breathlessly, "you're awfully nice, Tony."

"There's nobody to touch me."

"But," she persisted, "you still haven't told me how you got in!"

"The caretaker's key, imbecile. When I got no answer I called him. By the way, I've arranged for his wife to come in later—to make your bed and fix you for the night. She'll come again in the morning, too. Which reminds me of something else—"

"He took the coffee things away. He returned with a bowl of water, soap, towel, Sue's toothbrush and paste. He went to the dressing-table, and brought back, as if by magic, a mirror, brush, comb, cream, powder, lipstick.

"Here—get to work on that very dirty face. I've telephoned the doctor and he'll be along about nine. If he thinks you should lie up for a couple of days I'll ring Rivers and make the right noises—so don't worry about a thing. Now I'll wash up while you glamourise."

Sue listened to the noises—the chink of china, the swish of water. Listened to Tony singing, rather flatly, while he worked.

Sue put down her powder puff. A cold in the head, she thought, can make you very clear—in the heart. Quite suddenly she realised that, after all, her Sunday had been as she first planned it. She had seen Charles—and Adrian—and Tony, one after the other, on the same day.

Oh, but her heart was miraculously clear. Sue knew exactly now what life would be with Charles. Life with Charles would be doing what Charles wanted, no matter how tired or ill you felt.

And as for Adrian—!! She laughed aloud. Why, the poor thing was in an advanced state of hypochondria. Life with Adrian would be a medley of crank cures and hot fomentations interspersed with readings of his poetry.

Poor Charles. Poor Adrian. Sue buried them cheerfully, there and then, forever.

Her heart was clear enough to see something else, too. That with Tony she could be herself. She wasn't Susan, or Suzanetta, or Helen, for Tony. For Tony she was just Sue—herself. Tony liked her real—because he was real.

There was just one thing more, though, before Sue could make her choice—and when Tony came back she asked him.

"Tony—why did you sound so rude when I rang you this morning?"

"Rude?" He looked indignant. "I wasn't rude—I was just frighteningly disappointed. Wouldn't any man be, when his plans go phut? Even the taxi ordered in advance, mark you. The taxi in which—conditions being favorable, a man intended to ask a girl—well, how he felt about marrying him?"

"Oh," said Sue. "Well—I can tell you that now—"

But it wasn't necessary. The look on her face—radiant, sure, confident—was enough. Tony leaned over and kissed her.

"Oh, Tony!" she wailed, "you'll catch my cold."

"From now on," he said, "from now on we share everything—even colds." And as final proof he kissed her again.

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The Australian Women's Weekly—May 31, 1947



"A good omen, for what it is worth," thought Leonie, gazing up at the doves.

THE brown-eyed Sicilian baby leant over the back of the bus seat and tugged at Leonie's heart-strings. "Mama! Mama! Mama!" He laughed, showing his six new baby teeth, white, beautifully spaced . . . then he made another grab at the ornament on her handbag.

"Oh! No! No! No!" his mother remonstrated, laughing. A fine plump young woman with a high color and a melon-smooth skin. She tried to unclasp the baby's fingers that were tugging at the big ivory "L" on Leonie's handbag.

"Let him touch it!" said Leonie, holding up the handbag for the baby to feel the L. "L . . . L . . ." The baby stared up at her, his big, brown eyes gone suddenly solemn. "L . . ." stammered Leonie. "L for lion. You know . . . Leo, Leo . . . Lion."

She made a funny kind of roar. "Grrr . . . h!" The baby hesitated. Was it a joke, or wasn't it? "Grrr . . ." she mock-roared again, and shook her head at him.

The baby rippled into laughter, and his arms twinkled towards her. The busload of women going home from market laughed, too. Leonie took the initial off the bag.

"Leo, Leonie," she said, pointing to herself. "Leonie."

"Ah!" said the mother, excited. "Leo . . . Leonie. Leo!" She dug the baby in the chest. "Leo."

"Leo! Leonie!" echoed the busload of women, who were all in the affair, by this time.

"Imagine, Oscar!" said Leonie to the man beside her. "His name is actually Leo, too!" She laughed as

loudly as any of the women. The baby was trying out his teeth on the ivory L. "Tell her he can keep the L . . . L for luck, you know. Tell her he's a beautiful baby."

Oscar translated what Leonie had said. He spoke fluent Italian, and understood the Sicilian dialect. It was one of his graces, like wearing the right kind of clothes and ordering divine meals and knowing how to handle neurotic women. He could handle market women, too, if it came to that. He passed a string of compliments rapidly between them and Leonie. He made them all laugh.

"They say you're a beautiful baby yourself," he told Leonie.

"It's my round face and the collar on this dress." She made a grimace. "Gives me a little girl last kind of look."

"They want to know," said Oscar, laughing. "If you're the lady from the villa, and how long you are staying, and if you are my wife and how many children have we."

"Tell them I'm married to Roger, and that he's much better looking than you, and that we've a dozen children. No, four will do. It's more credible."

Oscar spoke quickly in Italian, and the women clucked their tongues in response, and looked pityingly at Leonie. "What did you tell them?" she demanded.

"The truth. That we do come from the villa, and that we're staying two months, and that the handsome Roger with the moustache is much cleverer than me, because he persuaded you to marry him, and that you haven't any family though you've been married five years."

"Now why," protested Leonie, "did

you tell them all that?" The youngest of the Sicilian women was making quite a speech. She spoke earnestly and pulled out from underneath the seat a pair of white doves which she held out for Leonie to take.

"Oh, I can't possibly buy them, Oscar. Oogly would tear them to bits!" Oogly was the Siamese cat that Roger had bought her in Milan. They had taken him into the market town to have a lead and collar plaited for him, and he now sat in a covered basket in Leonie's lap. "Tell her no."

"She wanted to give them to you," said Oscar softly. "She says you must offer them at the shrine of St. Catherine of the Doves, and your prayer will be answered. The shrine is on the mountain road behind the villa, a little beyond where the archaeologists are excavating."

"But these doves must have cost a lot of money. See, they're pure white. Tell her she must keep them for herself."

MORE gabbling in Italian followed. "She has only been married eight months," Oscar translated. "You need them more than she does. She begs you to take them." It would be ungracious not to accept the doves. Leonie took them, and Oscar nursed them for her.

All the women in the bus began to talk at once. Obviously they approved of anyone so unfortunate as Leonie offering doves at the Shrine of St. Catherine.

The young woman gave Oscar a twisted slip of paper with a closely printed inscription on it. "It's the

Sicilian Sun

By . . .
DORA BIRTLES

prayer that you must make with the offering," said Oscar.

The air vibrated with chatter. All the women were friendly, and Leonie suddenly wanted to give them something, too, even if it were only the surprise of seeing Oogly. Such a cat they could never have seen in their lives. They weren't common even in civilised parts of Italy, and Roger had had to pay a fabulous price for it.

"Look!" she said, and brought Oogly out of the basket. He was a handsome creature, the fawn skin dusted brown on the forelegs, his feet, ears, tail-tip, and his face as soft and black as a pansy. But his most curious and highly bred feature was that one eye was bright green and the other an equally bright and convincing blue, and he had a squint in his good moods so slight that one did not know if it were a squint or an optical illusion.

Just now he was not in a good mood. He dug his claws savagely into the edge of the basket, squinted villainously at the busload of women and let out a ferocious, hoarse yowl.

He wasn't popular. An old man crossed himself, then the mother of the baby tucked its head into her breast and shut her eyes, and one woman burst into a flood of language.

"A beast of the devil with evil intentions," translated Oscar. "I think we'd better get out and walk."

They got out. Oscar carried the doves and Leonie Oogly in his basket. "They believe in the Evil Eye," observed Oscar, "and even a friend would not hesitate to tell you that Oogly is, to say the least, odd."

"Oh, how childish!" said Leonie, who didn't like having to walk across the vineyards in her town shoes.

"They are childish here. There still exists here in Sicily a primitive animism, a religion of the soil. Those blue beads that the baby wore were to attract the glance of any passing demon or evil-wisher and draw the curse down, away from the soul of the baby. Jimmy tells me that the excavations they are working on now were formerly a shrine to Aphrodite, goddess of love and the fruits of love. Her symbol was a pair of white doves, remember, and you are even at this moment carrying doves to the shrine . . ."

"Of St. Catherine," said Leonie.

"The Lady of the Doves," said Oscar. "Jimmy will be charmed to hear about to-day. Local beliefs. Historical continuity. All that." "You won't tell him?"

"Not if you don't want me to." He looked at her shrewdly. "Bother him being a professional psychologist," she thought. All the same, she knew he would sacrifice telling the good story to her feelings. Roger wouldn't have.

It was the next morning. Leonie was lying on the beach letting the sun soak into her bones. The holiday was doing them good; she could feel herself growing less tense. Roger was looking younger, too. His shrewd city air, the successful young man attending to his job, had dropped from him.

If only her mind wouldn't fidget but lie still like her body and grow well! The fact was they were jarring on each other.

At night when she wanted to do nothing but lie on the terrace and catch the scents of orange groves, he wanted to play bridge or dance to radio music relayed from London via Rome, or tear around the coun-

try, driving 40 miles over rotten roads to drink ambiguous cocktails, to watch a fifth-rate cabaret. He wanted to do all the things they could do much better at home.

And the outrageous compliments he paid Wendy! Wendy, who had short legs and simpering ways and a mouth much too full of teeth. She didn't smile so much as glitter her teeth at you. Leonie found herself full of emotion about Wendy's perpetually smiling teeth and knew that, perversely, she was spoiling her own morning thinking about them.

She gathered up her things and made the long, toilsome ascent to the villa. She would take the doves to the shrine and maybe afterwards she would feel better about things. All the same, she was sure that one of Wendy's centre front teeth was a pivot. It had a kind of dead whiteness about it.

Leonie went out through a back garden, into a field and across a small vineyard. The sun was very hot. The two doves had nestled quietly into the crook of her arm, content, when the shadow of her big hat fell over them. Yet in London at the very minute people would be wearing fur coats and treading on sloshy pavements. How lucky she was to be in Sicily, in the sun.

She climbed a wall of loose stones and crossed a narrow belt of pine woods and came out at length on the road to the shrine. It was a long way, and she had to rest several times before she came to the half circle of stones set into the crumbling edge of a terrace.

ACTUALLY there was no beauty in the shrine itself. A tawdry picture of an indistinguishable female, stiff in robes, set into a kind of stone box in a pillar and protected by a rusty iron grille. Offerings of faded flowers hung from the pillar. On one side was a chaplet of artificial roses, very weatherbeaten.

But the situation of the shrine was magnificent. A rocky, volcanic mountain rose behind it. In shady corners behind the rocks the last of the spring flowers still bloomed obscurely. Anemones, crocus, and irises. In the strong sunlight poppies, clover, daisies, and mustard. Below, the terraced vineyards fell steeply away to the sea.

The villa was a white doll's house and the fishing hamlet round the cliff from the bathing cove was a village out of a toyshop. The sea was the Mediterranean blue of grey London daydreams.

Leonie twisted the slip of paper with the printed Italian formula of invocation into a slot at the side of the pillar where other papers, before hers, had evidently been pushed. Then reading quickly, as if she were rather ashamed of doing it, she uttered the translation Oscar had made of the invocation: "Blessed Saint Catherine who suffered . . . more than all women suffer . . . grant that . . . a mumbo jumbo of phrases." Then she fumbled at the cord that bound the doves' legs together.

When they were free they stood for a moment or two, and then, one after the other, they took flight and flew upward in a long, slanting line, upward into the eye of the sun. "That, for what it is worth," thought Leonie, "is a good omen. They went together, in the same direction and upward."

Please turn to page 33

Page 11



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• Tailored outfit of waterproof navy-blue flannel, fastened with chased silver buttons and a flowered red belt bag at the waist. Snow sports fashions from America.



BABY: Now you're trimmed down, do you still think you measure up as a mother?

MUMMY: Honey I feel so-o-o big! If your skin gets this uncomfortable no wonder you howl!

BABY: I thought this would show you that a baby's skin needs extra care. Why not treat me right with Johnson's Baby Powder and Baby Cream.

MUMMY: I will — from now on . . .

BABY: Good for you! I need lots of Johnson's Baby Powder, cool sprinkles of it, so chafes and such never have a chance . . . Then too, I need Johnson's Baby and Toilet Cream to clear up skin irritations quick as you can wink an eye.

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For 49 weeks I pound a typewriter. Then comes my vacation and off I go. Holidays are too precious to waste days trying to get some place. So, as the ads. say, "I wing my way with A.N.A." But even if air travel didn't get me there in a fraction of the time I'd still fly by A.N.A. I like the greeting they give you . . . the way they look after your luggage . . . the luxurious lounge they call a waiting room . . . the way the hostess shows you to your seat and asks if there is anything she can do for you . . . (she really means it) . . . and if on the trip you do ring for her she makes you feel as though you're doing her a favour. A.N.A. couldn't treat you better if you were royalty.

I'm human enough to like that."

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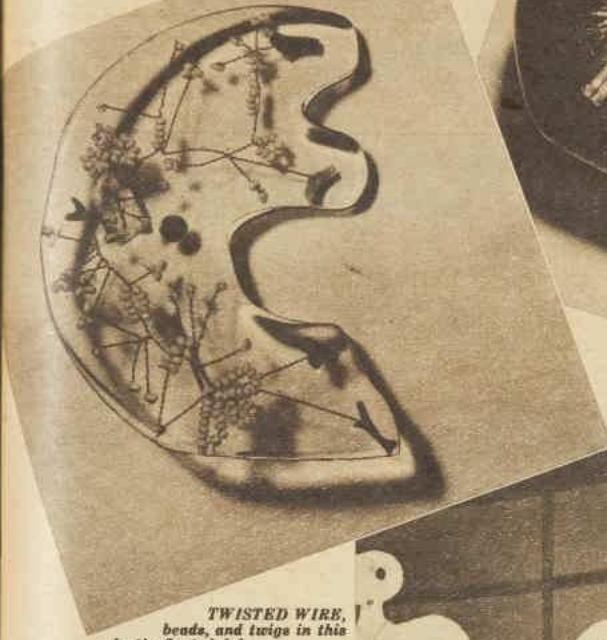


WING YOUR WAY WITH

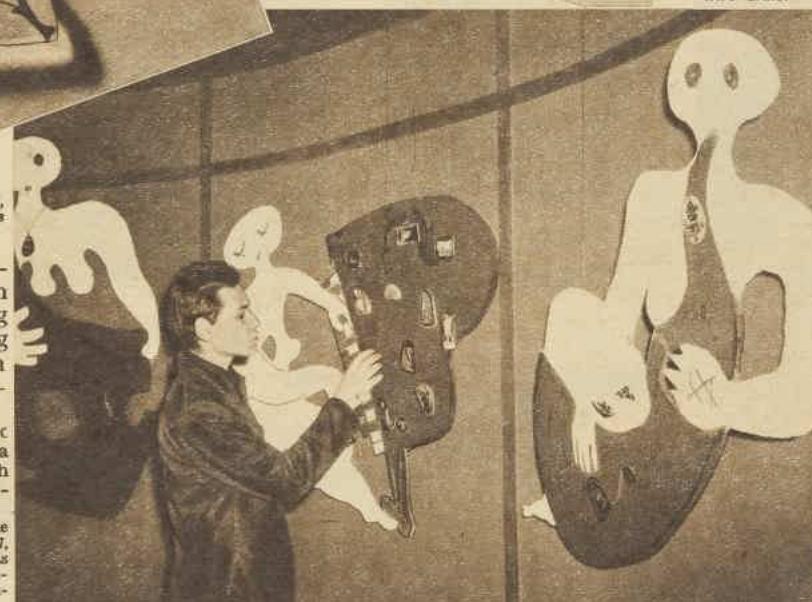
A U S T R A L I A N N A T I O N A L A I R W A Y S P T Y . L T D .

Wearing your art on your sleeve

Airmailed from New York
by PHILIPPA DAY



CALYPSO
dancers of milkweed fluff with wire arms.



CREATORS of new surrealistic jewellery in New York are using materials ranging from milkweed fluff to human hair to give the jewellery infinite variety.

The materials, formerly too fine to use in art work, are preserved in a transparent plastic. Prices for each piece vary from five dollars to 200 dollars (32/- to £66).

This combination of art and science by the originators, scientists Armand Winfield, 27, and his brother, Rodney, 21, an artist, has resulted in a new type of ultra-modern jewellery which has startled even innovation-harassed New Yorkers.

The queer-shaped bracelets, fobs, necklets, and pins made in three-dimensional designs of bark, driftwood, apple seeds, screws, feathers, stones, fine wire, tissue paper, string, silver, gold, and precious stones, are "floated" in polished transparent plastic.

If you want to, you can buy a pair of earrings preserving for posterity two trout-fins. Or you can pin on your winter suit an encased head of wheat to remind you of summer.

A pair of metal earrings, plastic floated, has a miniature king's figure for the left ear, a queen for the right. The queen's hair is human—and blonde. The king has real hair, too, but it's dark.

One pair of earrings is a swirl of fine copper and brass wire backed by a bit of red paper, studded with tiny turquoise.

Then there's a bishop set in red velvet with an opal for his sceptre head. The bishop's body is made of the white fluff of the milkweed seed.

Before the war Armand Winfield, a geologist and archaeologist, was working at the University of New Mexico, trying to find out how to preserve ancient biological and archaeological specimens.

After his army discharge in 1945, he continued experimentation in his own laboratory, found he could best preserve delicate ancient fabrics by floating them in a solid block of a newly developed plastic derivative, "Plastion."

He successfully used the method to preserve a 3000-year-old piece of Inca fabric for the American Museum of Natural History in New York.

He is still working for the museum, and is also doing research work for famous Harvard University's Botanical and Archaeological Museum.

It was his 21-year-old artist brother Rodney who first suggested using the same technique for making unique costume jewellery.

Why not, he said, use the method, proved successful in preserving delicate ancient

objects, to include fine modern art? It would give modern artists, for the first time, freedom to use any materials they wanted to utilize.

Winfield experimented, and it worked. Now he is awaiting the patent to come through, has a factory and a store in Greenwich Village, is soon moving a display of the jewellery up to fashionable Park Avenue.

Next week he's starting to mass-produce certain pieces of the jewellery, for the first time will be able to sell the finished article at a more reasonable price.

His shop, with its modern, silver-painted door, lime-green showcase, and futuristic drawings on the wall, is an interesting place in itself. Each month he lends his wall space to one of the artists who design his jewellery.

Seventy artists, some of them well known, all of them young, are sending in original designs to him for plastic preservation. Each piece he sells is signed by the artist.

And they're certainly fulfilling Rodney Winfield's prediction, using materials which shock the conventional, delight the uninhibited in art.

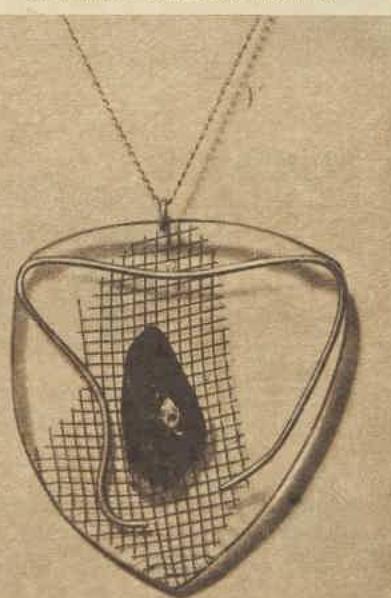
Dress pins and fobs, with backgrounds of carved soap, grape stems, charcoal, tissue paper, and so on, finely patterned with silver or gold wire in ultra-modern designs, are often studded with tiny real flowers, shells, buttons, precious and semi-precious stones.

So it goes on, in thousands of miniature pieces in a form which preserves the delicate subjects, leaves them clear and obvious.

You need merely to be initially brave to wear them.

Only limitation Winfield gives his artists is size. Selection of designs submitted is made by a board of five artists, and it is doubtful whether a "conventional" piece would pass. It's about time, Winfield said, that the American public accepted modern art.

ARTIST Rodney Winfield arranging the display in the Winfields' Greenwich Village shop.



PENDANT designed in wire screening, copper wire, driftwood, and centre opal.

GOSSARD ★ MISSIMPLICITY



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The Australian Women's Weekly—May 31, 1957

Last-minute designs by air for our Paris show

Haute couture co-operating eagerly in this unique service

Plans for The Australian Women's Weekly Paris spring and summer fashion parades to open on August 4 are now being finalised.

Our fashion expert, Mrs. Mary Hordern, is remaining in Paris until she is quite certain that the styles for summer are well established. Models she selects will then be flown to Sydney for the parades.

Mrs. Hordern is also choosing four leading French mannequins to display the fashions. The parades will open with a grand ball at the Trocadero on August 4, at which the mannequins and the fashion collection will be presented for the first time.

Next day they will open at Mark Foy's, where they will be presented in the Empress Room and will be shown twice daily for a fortnight.

In this radio message Mrs. Hordern tells of a recent visit to Lyons to see the latest French fabrics and gives highlights of the summer collections in Paris.

By MARY HORDERN

As the season progresses, the new creations of the great houses are better than ever.

Many experiments tried out at early spring and midseason collections have been discarded, and line, contour, cut, trimming details are presented with the firm assurance that they are established as the high style of summer.

Not till the last minute shall I finalise my choice and have the dresses for our parades air-freighted home.

All the designers are being most co-operative. They are tremendously eager to perfect this service to Australian women. The ideas have captured their imagination, and they were so delighted with the national publicity we gave our Paris parades last year and so touched by the hospitality and kindness everywhere extended to the mannequins we brought out there that, really, they cannot do too much for me. Nothing is a trouble—so long as it's "Just right for Australia."

Paris has changed quite considerably in the last year. Everything is busier and more flourishing and production is greatly improved, so that there is more choice for the woman of discriminating taste.

Gone are the inferior quality articles which, through attractive colouring and presentation, caught the



JACQUES FATH, one of the younger designers, is also a leader of men's fashion. For dinner and the theatre he wears dinner-suit with lapels, waistcoat, and long tie, all of black satin.

eye and dimmed one's perception as to lack of top-class quality.

This year in the fashion world buyers crowd only those salons which sell first-class material, cutting, and perfect fitting.

The standard is high and quality is there, in addition to beauty of design which has never faltered.

Designs in materials are superb.

I have just returned from Lyons, where I went to see at their Fair what the best manufacturers of France were producing.

I have always been impressed with the ability of the great designers of Paris, but must confess that things are made easy for them with the fabrics produced for their fertile imaginations and clever fingers to work on.

There are fabrics of nylon, fabrics in rayon, cottons, silks, and heavy linens, but the most outstanding aspect is always in design.

Embroidery is also outstanding. Embroiderers in Paris are houses on their own.

They create pictures, designs of which are then submitted to the couturiers in every type of embroidery.

They utilise lace to make embroidered flowers with centres of pellet-like beads, outline these flowers in cycled petals, trail them with embroidered leaves.

On organdie the crisp white effect is breathtakingly lovely; or, as in an evening frock from Maggy Rouff that I included in our collection, heavy brown linen thickly encrusted with heavy white embroidery which looks like crochet is most effective; or the fairylike quality of floral chiffon is enhanced when given added depth by having the pattern picked out with matching colored sequins and embroidered silks.



OUR FASHION EXPERT, Mary Hordern, in Paris.



CARVEN, whose summer collection includes startling new beach wear, sorts materials in her workroom.



FABRIC MAKERS of France provided new inspiration for Paris designers with new materials shown at Lyons Fair. Craftsmen work at looms like these in the workrooms of Rodier.

One house shows a bodice stiffened entirely with semi-precious stones, amethysts and topaz garlanded with gold straw; it's attached to a skirt which springs almost horizontally from the bodice with its fullness.

Carven paints special pictures on bathing suits and other clothes in a new washable paint.

An example is an evening dress which has around the hem a black-and-white supposedly marble floor, from which rise pillars through which one sees a vista of roses.

Painted skirt

ANOTHER of her creations is an attractive washable white linen shirtdress depicting in paint the Côte d'Azur.

The skirt is in various tones of blues representing the sea, with boats, galling over white waves.

This idea has been so successful that in her midsummer collection she concentrated on similar designs on beach clothes.

Among these she features a black linen bathing suit painted with yellow to resemble a Hawaiian grass skirt.

Mlle Carven has also transferred her "Côte d'Azur" design to bathing suits.

I have included one of these painted linens in our collection as I feel sure it will be of interest.

Pierre Balmain has been most interested to find out what suits us best.

He is designing especially for our collection a short pastel-toned cotton "late afternoon" dress heavily embroidered in coarse thread, which is perfect for our Australian evenings when black seems out of place.

Though there have been changes in Paris itself during the past year, there has not been much change in conditions of mannequins.

Several houses have opened canteens, where the girls are able to get good meals for 37 francs (about 2/-) per meal, which is fantastically cheap when compared with the general price of food over here.

Mannequins receive a monthly salary of 15,000 or 16,000 francs (between £40 and £47).

This is quite inadequate to allow them any of the luxuries of life on the present cost of living in Paris.

I have been told that only 25 per cent. of mannequins successful enough to be in fashion houses are entirely dependent on their salary.

Some are married and have additional incomes; others live with their families, which means they are able to spend their salaries exclusively on their clothes.

The great attraction of being a mannequin is to be able to have model frocks made for one for as little as 3000 or 4000 francs (£8 or £10).

This is a magnificent opportunity when, to outside buyers, prices are rarely lower than 35,000 francs and rise to 55,000, which is the price of a black tailor-made suit at Christian Dior's, while for evening frocks prices are even higher.

The cream of these Parisian mannequins have, in some respects, replaced the theatrical stars of prewar days.

They are sought after and feted by wealthy young men-about-town, and it is customary to see these girls sweeping around the city in luxurious limousines, just as it is a daily occurrence to see many of them lunching in the smartest and most expensive restaurants in Paris.

They are allowed to wear clothes from the collections where they are showing, which, added to their own wardrobes, means they are always outstanding wherever they go.

Workroom conditions here are greatly improved.

They have been heated this winter and paint is now procurable, which means that the environment is lighter and brighter.

Salaries have risen, but, of course, so has the price of food—with the result that conditions are not good for the workers.

In spite of a general 10 per cent. reduction in prices, most goods are more expensive this year than they were last year.

Editorial

MAY 31, 1947

TAKE FOR HORRORS

THE modern reader of Pepys' diary is shocked by such entries as: "I went out to Charing Cross to see Major-General Harrison hanged, drawn, and quartered; which was done there, he looking as cheerful as any man could do in that condition."

That this cultivated, gentle little man with his love of sweet songs and pretty ladies should have gone to see so macabre an execution is horrifying.

The reader may soothe himself by reflecting that this was merely a sign of the barbarous standards of the seventeenth century.

But when the judge at a recent murder trial in Rockhampton castigated spectators who thronged the court, he drew attention to the fact that an appetite for horrors belongs as much to the twentieth century.

The Rockhampton case is no isolated instance. All over the world sex and murder cases prove an attraction that for many people rivals any play, circus, or sporting event a city may offer.

That anyone should go voluntarily or unnecessarily to a court and find entertainment in the recital of ghastly details, or seek stimulation in the sight of other people in distress, does show a depraved mind, a numbness to all humane feeling.

British courts are open to the public to ensure that anyone to whom a case is personally important may hear and see what goes on.

That is a cardinal principle of our judicial system and must always be upheld.

Closing the courts to the public would do nothing to eradicate this taint in human nature.

We must get to the source of things by looking to the flags in our education, the frustrations of our civilisation, the poverty of our spiritual and cultural life.

If we could cure these desperate ills no one would make a circus out of a murder trial. In fact, there would be no murders!



MELBOURNE STREETS will be livelier if Fisheries and Game inspectors there exercise their powers to eliminate the use of egret plumes in hats, as they warn they will. Sprod depicts a scene from the chase.

It seems to me...

CIVILISATION'S paramount need is the survival of Britain as a great nation.

Demands for more food come oddly from Germany, the country that employed starvation as a weapon of war. I am not advocating its employment as a bludgeon in peace, but if there has to be some starving, surely the people who descended to horrors such as Belsen when they were triumphant are those who should feel the pinch now.

Food that would help Britain regain her place in the world's markets is being diverted to former enemy countries which gorged themselves during the war on loot from conquered countries.

This may be cricket, but it's certainly national suicide.

Unless more food reaches Britain quickly, malnutrition may cause the great heart of the nation to fail.

If that happened, the lights would go out again all over the world.

IN a County Court in England it was argued that a barman who defended a customer against a gunman who shot three men before committing suicide had exceeded his duties.

Counsel for the licensee contended that the barman was not employed to defend customers.

If he had not done so, there would have been three fewer to serve, but if all his customers had been killed where would his job be?

Some people take more interest in their jobs than others.

I asked a waitress the other day if the "sea trout" on the menu could have started life as a shark (having heard some of the fish-market stories).

She obviously felt the integrity of the establishment was at stake, and replied indignantly: "Certainly not! It's mullet!"

ACABLE from New York gives us the startling information that "a crazed race-horse yesterday terrorised for two hours the crew of a four-engined aircraft before it was able to make an emergency landing at El Paso, Texas." Shaggy horse story?

AGIRL of 16 left her home in a Sydney suburb because she wants to become a "lady."

This interests me. Where would a child of that age have heard the old-world term "lady"?

Undoubtedly, this is her ambition. Her note to her parents stated, "This is my only chance to become the lady I know you want me to be."

At the age of six or seven I was informed by my grandmother that "young ladies did not have limbs—any rate, lower limbs." (This was in connection with sliding down the bannisters, a practice which necessitated unresisted leg freedom.)

Ladies in my grandmother's day were allowed apparently only the full use of their upper limbs.

I thought those who fitted this description had vanished in a flurry of shortening skirts and evaporating smelling-salts somewhere about the time when they demonstrated their capacity to play team games, and, what was even more shocking, to earn their living in competition with males.

Just after the first world war, I think,

Came the second world war, and though the phrase "officer and gentleman" was still extant, I didn't hear the complementary remark apropos the women's services.

Where COULD the "young lady" have heard the word?

By



Jessie Boyd
in the absence of Dorothy Drain, who is on holidays.

"A PART from the difficulty of financing, the small home-builder has been unable to obtain supplies. Only 32½ per cent of building materials has gone into homes since the war ended.

The greater part of materials have been used in building theatres, bowling-alleys, and other business premises. There has been no evidence of concern about homeless people.

"There is supposed to be a ceiling on the price of building materials, but it looks more like a sieve, and prices have more than doubled, while quality is inferior.

"What little home-building has been undertaken includes some non-essential homes, such as luxury residences.

"... it is necessary to provide 30,000 new homes per year to overtake the normal increase in population."

Guess where this was said?

It is an extract from a speech by D. Z. Daniels, M.L.A., calling upon the Canadian Federal Government to give more assistance with home building, and it was published in a Canadian paper—the "C.G.F. Weekly."

WHEN the lonely deaths of old men and women are reported the bald announcement "pensioner" often appears after their names.

This seems unnecessarily callous.

Does it really matter, even from a news angle, that the deceased was a pensioner? He (or she) may have been poet, musician, public benefactor, or a philosopher in earlier life.

They may have signed their names in houses faithfully built, families cared for, bridges that have stood the test of time, bricks truly laid.

They may have done any one of a hundred jobs of value to the community.

When their work has ended and life itself has gone, it seems a poor reward that the blanket description "pensioner" should be applied.

APROFESSOR of Botany at Oklahoma University, in the U.S., has said that the wise person, finding a worm in an apple, throws the apple away and eats the worm.

The professor, Dr. Lawrence Rohrbach, has explained that the concentration of protein in such a worm is far greater than in an apple.

If Eve, or Adam, had only known that, what a different world it might have been!

IFIND the whole business of a balanced diet becomes more and more difficult to work out.

Once, the regulation couple of slices from the joint and two vegetables, with apple pie or lemon pudding to follow, were regarded as a fairly good sample.

Now the whole issue is confused with theories.

We are recommended to eat the worm in the apple, but at the same time British and U.S. millers are using a machine for de-weeviling flour by employing centrifugal force at the rate of nearly 3000 turns a minute.

But in the light of Dr. Rohrbach's revelations the new machine may rob us of valuable protein. So perhaps we should throw the flour away and keep the weevils.

In any case, bakers can now live up to the slogan "See no weevil, hear no weevil, speak no weevil!"

Interesting People



MRS. MARIA SANTOS

... housewives' angle
MINISTER for Social Affairs in the Republican Government of Java, Sumatra, and Madagascars, Mrs. Maria Ulfah Santos studied Law at Leiden University, Holland, and later taught German at a Mohammedan school in Java. In 1945 she became a member of Provisional Parliament. Was president of Indonesian housewives and young women's organisations, but due to advocating substitution of monogamy for polygamy came into conflict with Moslem women's movement.



MR. A. D. M. LONGDEN
... first in R.A.A.F. amenities

FIRST man appointed to R.A.A.F. Amenities Section, Archie Longden is leaving the Service after seven and a half years and returning to concert management. When on way to Japan to organise amenities was held up for five months at Labuan. Spent all time scouring so arrived in Japan with four cinema plants, eight pianos, 200 cases sporting equipment. Leaves soon for holiday in France. Is organising Australian tour next year of Russian pianist Aleksandr Helmann.



MISS BETH CUSKEY
... nursing to singing

AFTER ten years' nursing, Beth Cuskey, Wairau, N.S.W., is training to be a singer. She is the only ex-nurse doing a full-time singing course under the Postwar Reconstruction Training Scheme. Will have role in Sydney Conservatorium Opera School's production of "Eugene Onegin" on May 31. Dark, vivacious Beth sang for soldiers when not on duty as a nurse at 2/7 A.G.H., Lae. Found them a marvellous audience.

Admirals of to-morrow train at naval school

New batch of cadets to be selected shortly

In hundreds of Australian homes in the next few weeks, earnest but adventurous-minded twelve and thirteen year olds will be "talking things over" with their parents, seeking character references from schoolmasters and ministers, furiously swotting history, geog., and maths, and taking deep breaths to increase their chest expansion.

They're the young Australians who have made up their minds to see the world as officers of the Royal Australian Navy.

FROM sons of the bush to metropolitan schoolboys and lads with salt in their veins inherited from naval fathers and grandfathers, they're all coveting cadetships which the Royal Australian Navy is making available to boys whose thirteenth birthday falls any time during 1947.

Entries for these cadetships, which are among the world's most valuable scholarships open to young lads, close on June 15.

Those who make the grade when the entrance examinations are held in September take up their cadetships at Flinders Naval College, and are immediately on the Navy payroll.

As sons of the sea, they are provided with everything by the Navy—from an education of matriculation standard to textbooks, uniforms, and travelling expenses when they holiday at home with their families.

At Flinders as "Mister" Jones, "Mister" Smith, or "Mister" Brown, they're "at the double" for the next four years, qualifying to take up sea appointments on Australian warships before undergoing further training in England with the Royal Navy.

"It's the only life," confided Cadet Midshipmen David Martin, Sydney; Ronald Osborn, Newcastle; Brian Read, Springwood, N.S.W.; and Robert Scobie, Bathurst, N.S.W.

They were among the 24 successful applicants for cadetships last year.

The idea of doing nearly everything "at the double" was "good for their souls," explained Cmdr. John Plunkett Cole, head of Flinders Naval College, with a twinkle, when a staff reporter and photographer visited Flinders recently.

This particular phrase is the Navy's delightfully diplomatic answer to everything the Navy doesn't feel disposed to explain in detail.

Later "Mister" Scobie elaborated by saying that one of the first things a cadet learnt "for the good of his soul" on arrival at the College was that the Navy is "silent."

"You must keep quiet and never



"YEAR" OFFICER Lieut. David Nicholls explains intricacies of anchor work to Chief Cadet Captain Richard Tulip, 17-year-old son of a Queensland minister, who decided to enter for cadetship after reading a story about Flinders in *The Australian Women's Weekly* five years ago.



SQUARING TILL. Chief Cadet Captain Tulip shows first year cadets Robert Scobie and Brian Read (center) how clothing must be "squared" or folded in traditional Navy style on top of "till" chest of drawers in cadets' cubicles, before "quick-shifting" into bunks at night.

cook up anything to out-smart anyone in a senior year," he explained.

The College is divided into four "years," which take the names of famous seafarers, Flinders, Phillip, Jervis, and Cook.

This year, first-year boys are known as Flinders cadets. They will carry the title right through the course.

At the end of the four years when they pass out new cadets will again be Flinders-year cadets.

After spending a day with the cadets at Flinders, anyone would vouch for the truth of Cadet Brian Read's statement in a letter to his parents, Major and Mrs. J. F. Read, of Springwood, N.S.W., that he was "unable to write much owing to pressure of work."

"Pressure" begins with 7 a.m. summons to cold showers and physical

training, breakfast, prayers, and over to study block "at the double," for lessons by 8.30.

In addition to the usual subjects, cadets' studies include seamanship, navigation, and engineering.

With brief breaks for morning tea and buns and dinner at a quarter to one, the lads work through until a quarter to four.

Then they toss down more buns and milk before changing into sports clothes to be in action playing Rugby, soccer, cricket, tennis, or swimming until 6.30, when supper is followed by an hour's study and hot cocoa before lights out at nine.

The "quick shift"

THERE is nothing leisurely about their retirement for the night, either. Clanging of gong in the recreation room, known as the sunroom, is followed by curt order from cadet captain for a "quick shift."

This means changing from uniform to pyjamas, and being in bed with just-removed clothes neatly folded and arranged according to tradition on chest, known as "till," beside cadet's bunk.

This must be done within from three to five minutes, according to the fancy of the cadet captain. If he says it's to be three minutes, three minutes it must be.

"Round about nine, most of the lads anticipate a 'quick shift' by loosening everything without looking undressed," laughed Chief Cadet Captain Richard Tulip.

"If a cadet shook himself just before nine, everything would probably fall off and he'd stand naked!"

Record quick shift by a cadet at Flinders is one minute fifty seconds!

Penalties for breaking written and unwritten Navy laws cover a wide field, and vary from special physical jerks and wand drill to weeding the garden and devilishly designed tasks guaranteed to bring a blush to the cheek of the stoutest hearted.

For instance, Brian Read, thoughtlessly entering his cubicle without removing his boots, was required to propose marriage to an austere portrait of Captain Phillip.

"Having to take our boots off whenever we go into cubicles trains us to remember to collect everything we want for the day, before we go out in the morning," he reasoned.

Most exacting taskmasters are probably the second-year students, who still vividly remember what they had to take the year before as juniors, revel in "handing it out."

Second-year cadets are kept in their places by third and fourth.

Senior cadets never exploited their privileges in inflicting penalties on the juniors, because jealous to preserve the high traditions of the Service, a cadet with bullying tendencies would soon have these knocked out of him by cadets of his own year, said Cmdr. Plunkett Cole.

He went on to explain that "penalties" instilled in cadets a respect for

KNOTTY PROBLEM. Cadet Midshipmen Brian Read, great-grandson of a naval surgeon, and Robert Scobie practise tying a bowline.

discipline, and showed them how to "take it."

Hardest penalty to take is for a cadet to have to put his head in his boot cupboard for a stipulated length of time.

Not the least of a naval cadet's preoccupations is the balancing of his budget.

So of fathers with big incomes and small are on the same financial footing.

Except when undergoing training at sea, no cadet is allowed more than 8/- in his possession at a time, and he must live within his salary of 1/6 a week.

This amount can only be augmented by exemplary conduct allowances payable after six months, at the rate of 3d. a week, rising to 1/- a week for cadets who can show a clean bill of three years' exemplary conduct.

"Everyone gets on very well with everyone else in his 'year,'" said "Mister" Martin and "Mister" Osborne. It is traditional. Cadets of a "year" always stick together.

They also prefix every reply to questions directed to them by officers and senior-year cadets with the word "please."

"We don't have to say 'please' to seniors on Sundays when we're off duty, but it has become such a habit we still say it," first-years said.

Sunday is the day when a cadet's soul temporarily becomes his own. He has free time for most of the day after church.

Highlight of the day is leave to explore the charming countryside round the Naval Depot, and about six cadets are usually entertained by Cmdr. Plunkett Cole's wife at afternoon tea.

"Mrs. Plunkett Cole has been wonderful to us," Chief Cadet Captain Richard Tulip enthused. "She does all the shopping for our Food for Britain Fund, and has everything ready for us to pack parcels when we go up for afternoon tea on Sundays."



WAR VETERANS. Chief Executive Officer at College, Cmdr. John Plunkett Cole (centre), who has had a distinguished career as torpedo specialist, survived sinking of H.M.A.S. Canberra, later commanded H.M.A.S. *Nepal*, *Napier*, and *Norman*, and "year" officers Lieut. David Nicholls (left) and Lieut. Ian Cartwright.

The Australian Women's Weekly—May 31, 1947



FOURTH - YEAR CADETS (from left) Anthony Waring-Flood (Sydney), Geoff Woolrych (Townsville), Peter Richardson (Melbourne), Robin Letts (Donald, Vic.), Paul Gaynor (Sydney), Blain Kerr (Brisbane) watch Henry Dalrymple (Sydney) (left) play snooker with Chief Cadet Captain Richard Tulip in the sunroom.

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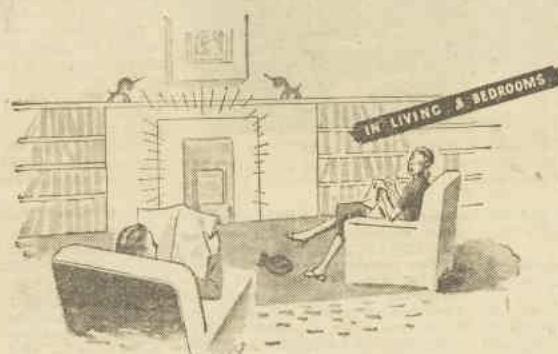
There'll be added leisure
- far more time for pleasure



Everything planned to save countless steps, time and energy. A dazzling automatic cooker . . . a silent, trouble-free Refrigerator . . . a steaming Hot Water Service . . . a modern Gas Kitchen that turns kitchen days into carefree days.



The modern Gas Copper lends relief from the arduous tasks of washing days. It boils quickly, stays on the boil without stoking — and can be emptied and cleaned in a minute or two!



Just a flick of the fingertip and your Gas fire is radiating healthful warmth for all the family. For added leisure and more time for pleasure insist on Gas in your home!



Your Gas Hot Water Service provides oceans of Hot Water — always on tap! You can rely on the magic flame of Gas to provide steaming Hot Water at any hour of every day and night.

When you insist on
for the **4 BIG JOBS**



Automatic
COOKING

Silent
REFRIGERATION

GAS

Instant
HOT WATER

Healthful
HEATING

THE NATIONAL GAS ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALIA

*As I Read
the
S.T.A.R.S.
JUNE MARSDEN*

TROUBLE is likely for many star groups on June 1, and Sagittarians, Pisceans, and Virgoans in particular are advised to live very cautiously. Scorpions, Aquarians, Taurians, and Leonians should also be on their guard against losses and upsets until the present period is over.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): May 28, 30, and 31 (early) can bring sweets, and June 1 is adverse. Best day is June 3 (after midday), but wisdom should be exercised.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): May 27 (except 3 p.m. to 5 p.m.) fair; 28 (to 4 p.m.) helpful. May 31 (late), June 1 and 2 all poor.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Big weeks ahead, so plan now. Meanwhile, May 27, 28, June 1, and 3 all ticky. Rest of week helpful.

CANCER (June 23 to July 23): May 27 (except 3 p.m. to 5 p.m.) can be surprisingly helpful, but June 1 is treacherous. June 2 (to noon) and 3 (after midday) helpful.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): May 28 and 30 fair; 31 (late) poor. June 1 adverse. June 2 poor, 3 (after midday) very helpful.

VIRGO (August 24 to Sept. 23): Trouble ahead for many Virgoans, especially on May 27, 28, June 1 and 2. Live quietly and avoid discord.

LIBRA (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): A helpful week, so seek desired goals.



"As I recall our correspondence in the matter."

May 27 (to 3 p.m.), 29, 30, and 31 (to dusk) all very good. June 1 poor, 2 (after midday) excellent.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): A fair week. May 27 (except 3 p.m. to 5 p.m.) fair, 31 good, June 1 very ticky. June 2 (to dusk) and 3 (after midday) both good.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 to Dec. 22): Avoid changes and overconfidence now, especially on May 27, 28, June 1 and 3.

CAPRICORN: (Dec. 22 to Jan. 20): May 27 helpful; 28, 29, and 31 poor. June 1 obstructive, 2 (to dusk) and 3 (after midday) quite fair.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): Wisdom is necessary now to make the most of good fortune. May 27 (except 3 p.m. to 5 p.m.) fair; 29, 30, and 31 (to dusk) helpful. June 1 adverse, 2 poor, 3 very fair.

PISCES (Feb. 19 to March 21): Avoid changes and arguments now, especially on May 27, 28, 29 (early), June 1 and 3. Routine tasks prove best.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden certifies that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

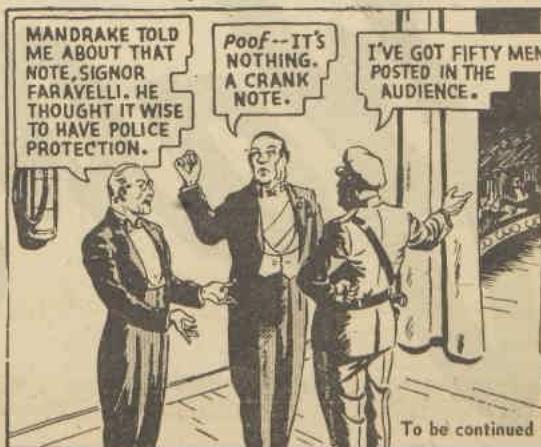
Your Coupons

TEA: 17 to 28.
SUGAR: 85-814 (cumulative).
MEAT: 100-102.
MEAT: BEEF: 43-46 (47-49 available June 3); green, 49 and 51 (53, 55 available June 9).
CLOTHING: 287-312 (expire June 30, 1947). 1-56 current.

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, have solved the secrets of Glass Inn. What started as a quiet holiday in the snow country led to an amazing series of adventures. Mandrake and Lothar rescued a beautiful girl, **MARSHA DALE:** from ex-murderer **GRATZ:** Who captured mountaineers and

kept them as slaves to work his giant man-powered generator. Mandrake and Lothar escaped death many times in their attempts to rescue Marsha and the slaves. In the end they succeeded and Gratz met the fate he deserved. Back in town, Mandrake and Lothar look forward to seeing civilisation. They set out to a famous theatre. **NOW READ ON:**



To be continued

This Winter it's
PADDLE!
for Preference!



Your children need shoes that are waterproof and wear-proof for the winter term — **PADDLE SHOES**. Paddle shoes have solid leather soles and heels, and sturdy, flexible uppers with plenty of room for the movement of fast-growing toes. And they're firmly stitched with triple-twisted linen thread — And children don't wear out Paddle Shoes — they grow out of them. **ASK FOR PADDLE SHOES — YOU WON'T BE SATISFIED WITH OTHERS.**



Boys' and Youths' Box Hide Derby Boot



Girls' and Maids' Patent Centre Buckle Bar



Girls' and Maids' Black or Brown Calf Derby Tie



Paddle
CHILDREN'S
SHOES

I HURRIED

home, feeling well pleased with myself and the world. A quiet moment would have been welcome for such big news, but in our household quiet moments don't exist before six p.m.—oh, blessed hour!

Midge was giving the children their lunch.

Felicity had just rubbed most of her in her hair, and thrown the saucer on the floor with unfortunate results. The saucer was one of a service which had been a wedding present from my only rich aunt, the one we've forgotten twice to make a godmother.

Felicity sat in her high chair, crowing with pride and joy, and looking like a cherubim who'd been caught in a heavy fall of manna.

Susan, upset by the general excitement, was insisting that her lunch rightly belonged to Nelly the elephant. Nelly, in being dragged to the feast, knocked down a bag of dried peas which burst, the contents rattling and dancing about the floor.

Mind, I've nothing to say against the children. They're only just healthy and full of spirits and fun. The joy of our lives. Much more amusing and delightful than anybody else's. But hokey! they can raise Cain at times. They were doing so now. My news couldn't wait, however. I broadcast it at full strength.

"What dear?" asked Midge, looking like an elder sister, but also harassed and slightly deaf. She was trying to stop Felicity devouring the face flannel with which some of the mamma was being removed.

I wonder why my children suck flannels? I've never seen the point discussed in any of the women's papers that infest a house infested with babies. Perhaps Susan and Felicity have warped tastes and they, or their parents, should be seen by a psycho-analyst. Or are all children equally depraved?

The Moving Finger Writes

I wouldn't know. I only know Susan and Felicity.

If allowed, their favorite meal would be my bathwater, which apparently has an even finer flavor on a flannel than their own, and is so much nicer than orange juice from the Food Office or the rosehip syrup I beg from the chemist.

Strange little pigs! Oh, most lovely, yes, but still little pigs. But that's by the way.

"What?" called Midge again, as if we were living in the wide open spaces.

I tried again, and this time got it over.

"Supposing it isn't humanly possible for the Guvnor?" called Midge, because Susan was now singing about little Tommy Tucker. Felicity was silent for a moment, devouring face flannel. "What happens then with the Old Ladies coming in on Wednesday? We'll have less chance than ever of fixing with anyone else by the time we know."

True enough, of course, and an alarming prospect, but as the man of the house I had to put a brave face on things.

"The Guvnor seemed a kind sort of chap. Quite friendly and decent, considering. It's going to be O.K."

Midge knew that I had done my best and saw I was a bit crestfallen at her reception of my news. She wouldn't hurt my feelings for anything.

"Of course it'll be all right," she agreed with a gay confidence she didn't feel. "If you'll lay the table our lunch is ready, darling, Felicity, give mummy that flannel."

I crunched about on the pean. They were really nothing to worry about. Babies who are fit and active make you a kind of mountaineer. I climb over stacks of toys and junk for ten hours a day, and have de-

Continued from page 5

veloped a permanent stoop from watching my step. It must have been much simpler in Victorian and Edwardian days with the nursery on the top floor and Nanny and a couple of maids for the young folk. No wonder they dared to have big families then.

Our somewhat shaky faith in the Guvnor proved justified. He was as nice as could be when I called again. The move could be done, and, what was more, would be done. He gave me his word, conveying that it so happened I had approached him in the right way.

Eight o'clock sharp. It was a bet!

This time we shook hands on it. A big moment for me, and obviously the Guvnor felt proud and pleased with himself, too.

Busy days followed. Or, rather, busier. For us the mere routine of keeping alive seems to take up so much more time than it used to, and not just because of Susan and Felicity. In the dear long ago, shopping and getting food almost saw to themselves. They don't now. Each and every item has to be given individual attention. Getting the laundry alone may make a hole in a couple of days.

Goodness only knows how really busy people manage. Perhaps they still have servants and secretaries in droves. But where do they get them? How do they manage about income tax to have enough money to pay them with?

I can remember the time when, if by some terrific and much delayed chance the laundry didn't come back on the dot and you'd run out of handkerchiefs, you just went and bought half-a-dozen for a few shillings, and the bowing salesman asked

if he might send them! Not so simple now.

Possibly Susan and Felicity will live to see such days again. Or, if not, their children.

We are the least possessive of persons with the least possessions, but it was staggering the amount of junk which had gathered up. We soon found this to our sorrow when we started preparations for the move, Susan helping enthusiastically with eager choruses of, "I do love moving."

Once it would have been easy to burn the lot. Now the oldest rag hinted that, boiled, it might come in useful. The bucket with the hole declined to be thrown away. It could be used, with a piece of cardboard in the bottom, for coal or something. Think of the replacement cost. Never has it been so hard to discard.

Even there was a mountain of salvage. A depressing sight, for our collectors had never seemed so keen as poster and other exhortations would lead the conscientious citizen to believe. They'd always had a way of looking askance.

Feeling rather wicked, I made a bonfire of the overflow. That reminded Susan of her earliest memory. Rescuing a flag from the bottom of a drawer, and not improving the packing in doing so, she marched round the place chanting, "Victory Day! Hooray! Victory Day!"

I had always been a bit ashamed of Susan's V-Day, just some newspapers burning in a bucket, and the two of us marching round with threepenny Union Jacks which had cost half-a-crown. Yet it's stuck in that little mind just as brightly as if we'd stayed up half the night to go to the big community show on the common, or to Buckingham Palace, for that matter.

ALWAYS it seems

like that with nippers, bless them. I believe Susan would rather play with Midge's handbag than the finest toy. Which is just as well, seeing the price of the poorest toy. And certainly Felicity would much prefer the coal bucket or a packet of firelighters to the Crown Jewels.

So again we chanted, "Victory Day! Hooray!" And in truth it was a victory to be moving.

I nodded agreement and told Brown how thrilled and delighted I was by his wonderful news. I spoke with complete conviction, face as grave as a judge's.

"I knew you'd be bucked," he said. "Not every day these times you hear such a good luck story. It cheers you up, doesn't it?"

It did indeed. I told him, and offered more cheese. But he said he'd had a wonderful feed, and couldn't eat any more. Well, at that he'd had a better meal than my milionaire pal had provided me.

"It was a treat," Brown said, "and speaking of treats, I think I must try to hire a car to take them across to the new house. It'll be an awkward journey, and Midge deserves to be looked after. Men don't have much fun nowadays, but wives and mothers in general have less."

He's a good little husband. Brown. Mind, he'd never make a great lover on the screen, though Midge wouldn't agree with me. Or is it that the Midges of this world are wise and prefer their Boys and Gables and Sinatras as seen from the one-and-ninelpennys when they can always say, "This is where we came in!" and walk out on the stars to get a meal contrived somehow or other for their beloved, ordinary men?

(Copyright)

What's on your mind?

Breed fish in dams for better meals

FRESH fish is unprocurable throughout most of Australia's wheat and sheep country. Why not breed fish in the dams? This is being done in parts of Africa where fresh fish is scarce or unobtainable.

Several species are usually introduced to bring about a balance of nature. In Northern Rhodesia dams have been stocked with Gambusia top-minnows, blue-gill sunfish, tench, and several species of the indigenous Tilapia, known locally as "bream."

The top minnows do good work by consuming mosquito larvae. The other three fish are taken for the table. Yields are several hundred pounds per acre per annum. The blue-gill in particular is good eating and a fine sporting fish. A well-stocked dam can provide good sport in the evenings, and succulent fried fish for supper.

1/- to F. A. Williams, c/o Barclays Bank, Jos, Nigeria, West Africa.

Adoption pledge

AUSTRALIA would do well to adopt the British method of requiring every foster-parent to sign the following simple pledge before taking charge of a homeless child:

"I will receive this child into my home, feed, clothe, and look after him, and bring him up as carefully and kindly as I would a child of my own. I will help him to become a good citizen, send him to school or work, and to his church or chapel. I will arrange recreation suited to his age. I will look after his health and consult a doctor whenever he is ill."

5/- to Mrs. C. Butler, 15 Bilyard Ave, Elizabeth Bay, N.S.W.

New Zealander's opinion

If I may give my opinion as a New Zealander, I would like to second Mrs. Weir's suggestion (18/2/47). She wrote that it would

READERS are invited to write in this column, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 200 words in length, to "What's on your mind?" in The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 17. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published above pen-names.

Payment of £1 will be made for first letter sent and £1 for others.

The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers in this column, and unused letters cannot be returned. Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

be a good thing to have kitchens built at the side of the house, giving the housewife a pleasant view while she worked.

Over here, in our State houses, numbering hundreds alone in Palmerston North, there are dozens that have kitchens built on one side of the house, following the plan of Mrs. Weir, or else in the front of the house.

So the mother, busy with cooking, can still keep an eye on her children.

5/- to Mrs. C. M. Weston, 54 Lombard St., Palmerston North, New Zealand.

Hold-up

WHY are people in banks forced to withdraw their money in public? There is nothing to prevent anyone with evil intent from watching to see how much is being collected and from keeping the owner in sight later.

It would be easy to provide some sort of screen behind which money could be collected. A loud-speaker could call the names.

5/- to Miss R. Greenhill, c/o Mrs. A. Forbes, P.O. Schofields, N.S.W.

Lower voltage

AS an American residing in this country, I have been greatly concerned by the high proportion of deaths resulting from accidental electrocution. In the United States millions of householders are serviced satisfactorily with 110 volts current, and fatal shock results only rarely from that voltage.

Economic and political barriers against a change to lower standard voltage would be high and the cost tremendous.

Would not the cost, however, be more than repaid by the saving of human life?

5/- to Mr. R. L. O'Neil, 10 Rathdownell St., Auchenflower, Qld.

New-type cigarette

INTRODUCTION of a cigarette with a hard, hollow tip would prevent the waste of about one-fifth of each cigarette smoked. If this was adopted, schoolchildren would not want to pick up the butts and so risk of infection would be lowered.

5/- to Mr. J. E. Hetherington, 14 Waugh St., North Perth, W.A.

Grief for girl

LAST night I witnessed one of the most horrible scenes I have ever seen or heard of—the death of a Pomeranian dog. It belonged to a little girl who lives near us, and she was taking it for a run.

Not much traffic being about, she let the dog off the leash to have a run round. Soon the two were happily playing together.

As I watched, two greyhounds appeared from round the corner. Straight away they both made a dash after the smaller dog. Turning, she saw them coming, and with a howl of terror raced even further away from her mistress. As I write this, the screams of that little dog burn even deeper into my memory.

Until the day I die, I'll never, never be able to understand why it is that men can train a dog to kill everything which is smaller than itself. That dog was killed, and a little girl's heart broken.

5/- to "Another Schoolgirl," 2 Hawthorn Grove, McKinnon, Vic.

New life ahead

when YOU discover..



Pepsodent with Irium makes teeth far brighter

YOU'RE BOUND TO FIND new brightness in your teeth... new sparkle in your smile this easy way! Tests prove in just one week Pepsodent with Irium makes teeth far brighter. You see, Pepsodent—and only Pepsodent—contains Irium—the exclusive, patented cleansing ingredient. And Pepsodent with Irium removes the dingy film... floats it away quickly, easily, safely. In a moment your teeth feel cleaner... in just one week they look far brighter!



For the safety of your smile—use Pepsodent twice a day... see your dentist twice a year.

PL 11.26

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WORTH Reporting

NOTINGS about the Panama Republic and Canal Zone have come to us in a letter from an Australian girl who called there on her way to England.

She writes:

"When I went ashore I did my best to look like one of the natives by wearing a red skirt and white shirt hanging out a la custom of Panama, sandals, and shopping bag. Rest of the passengers went off with their best clothes, hats, even unto gloves, and could those Panamanians see them coming?"

"I found the city absolutely fascinating. Such color, whew! No wonder they are always having revolutions; it's so hot, and all the music and hot-making foods like tamales are enough to excite them into shooting off guns."

"The Panama Canal Zone (all United States territory) is like a tropical version of Canberra, but instead of gumtrees and English trees they have mangoes growing."

"All the workmen carry their lunches in brightly colored elongated woven bags with a long string which they put over their shoulders."

"The Americans have them as well, and it looks funny to see American soldiers in neat khaki trousers, shirt, and topee, with this gay bag looped over their shoulders. The bags are made in Colombia, South America, and are usually pink, green, yellow, and mauve."

"There are no taxes in Panama Republic, as the government gets all its revenue from the national weekly lottery."

"The lottery is drawn each Sunday morning by a small child—a different one each time—from the city orphanage."

"Drawing takes place in a rotunda in the middle of the square, and numbers are inside celluloid balls. Prizes are 1000, 500, 200, and 100 dollars."

"Numbers are published and broadcast, but no names, as winners don't like other people to know about it."

"At one night-club we visited, a swarthy gentleman described as 'the silver-throated voice of the Mississippi' sang in a bad falsetto, but doubtless with good intentions, especially for 'our friends from New Zealand,' excerpts from 'The Desert Song' and 'On the Road to Mandalay,' so apparently he regards NZ. as part of Siam or something, and Australians as coming from New Zealand."

* * *

We have heard some queer names for British inns, but "The Shoulder of Mutton With Cucumbers," mentioned by the British Travel Association in its latest bulletin, is the queerest yet.

Giving it a name

THE name Merchant Venturer, given to the Bristol Aeroplane Company's freighter now touring Australia, was chosen from thousands of names submitted to the company. Most popular suggestion for the aerial tramp-ship's name was The Overlander. Another was the Edward W. Hart. Hart was one of the first men in Australia to learn to fly. He was taught at Penrith, N.S.W., on a Bristol Boxite.

THE LITTLE SCOUTS



Animal Antics



"What! Only a lousy two per cent."

Still plenty to learn

MR. MAYO WINGATE, psychologist working for London's Marriage Society, which brings science to bear in planning ideal marriages, says he is always learning something new about human nature from the scores of people who come to his office in Green Street, Mayfair.

He finds:

Good looks in a man are not important to women.

Men seeking a wife still put physical attraction first; women vote for security first.

Women are much more forgiving than men. A jilted man often grows bitter, a woman much more rarely. They seldom speak unkindly of the man who let them down.

Women still like males to be heroes. They tire quickly of the all-admiring type who gives them too much of their own way.

Clinical note

IT is now possible to take a grasshopper's temperature. Research laboratory workers at an American electric company have produced a thermocouple, which is an electric device for measuring temperature, only 6-1000 of an inch in diameter, just grasshopper size.

It was designed for use by professors studying means of controlling and exterminating these destructive pests.

To smoke or not to smoke

NOW that it costs 3/4 for 20 cigarettes in England, people are trying all sorts of schemes to conquer old man nicotine.

Some have been quite ruthless, and from smoking 40 cigarettes a day don't smoke at all, using their meager sweet ration to buy chewing-gum, which has to last for days.

Others don't smoke while at work, some smoke only after dinner at night, but some smoke all the time and don't go to the pictures.

One London professor of medicine stopped smoking altogether, but after a few days his pupils presented him with a round-robin, begging him to take it up again as he was too irritable.

In many country pubs, regulars order one cigarette, or 2d. worth, with their pint.

When the new cigarette tax was levied England's cigarette consumption had reached the astronomic figure of £250,000,000 a year, one-third higher than prewar. The whole of Britain's exports to America, from which 80 per cent. of the tobacco came, barely exceed that amount.

Ate his words

THEY'RE telling this story around the suburbs.

A vacuum-cleaner salesman came to the door, and began: "This cleaner will remove every scrap of dirt."

Housewife: "But, let me tell you—"

Salesman: "Madam, I have here a tin of flour, which I will throw on your carpet. If every scrap is not sucked up by the cleaner, I will eat it myself."

Housewife: "Do listen—"

Salesman throws flour on floor.

Housewife leaves room and returns with salt and pepper, which she shakes on the floor, too.

Saleman: "Why?"

Housewife: "You might as well make your meal tasty. I have been trying to tell you that the electric power is off."

Secretaries, take a note

IT was Cliff Holt's first day in his new job at Hoyts Theatres. Came 11 o'clock, a cup of tea arrived on his desk, medium in strength, no sugar, no milk. In fact everything Cliff thinks makes a good cup of tea.

He asked his new secretary how she guessed his likes so perfectly, and she told him she had telephoned his previous office, the "Film Weekly," and inquired exactly how he took his tea.

He finds:

Good looks in a man are not important to women.

Men seeking a wife still put physical attraction first; women vote for security first.

Women are much more forgiving than men. A jilted man often grows bitter, a woman much more rarely. They seldom speak unkindly of the man who let them down.

Women still like males to be heroes. They tire quickly of the all-admiring type who gives them too much of their own way.

Safety first

A LETTER from a friend of ours flying to Japan provides this piece of odd information:

"Flying north, we keep to an even number of feet in height, 8000, 10,000, or 12,000, as far as the Equator, and after that to odd numbers, such as 7000 or 9000. Planes flying south do the reverse; even numbers to the Equator, odd numbers afterwards."

"It's an extra safety precaution so that there is always 1000 feet separating aircraft and no chance of a head-on collision in bad weather. There are a lot of planes flying in this area."

Crofters do housework

WORLD-WIDE fashion for colorful clothes has led to such a demand for Fair Isle knitted pull-overs, socks, and gloves, with their gay patterns, that wives of crofters in the Shetland Islands are earning up to £10 a week, and working so hard that their menfolk have to do the housework for them.

Production figure for the islands has risen from £80,000 a year pre-war to £750,000.

Adroit advertiser

IN 1911 a shop in Fifth Avenue, New York, ran this advertisement:

"It is no longer the fashion nor the practice for expectant mothers to stay in seclusion. Doctors, nurses, and psychologists agree that at this time a woman should live and think as normally as possible. To go about among other people happily, she must look like other people."

And that line of talk was the way the advertiser, Mrs. Lane Bryant, sold her maternity frocks, which were still a novelty.



"And to Emily I bequeath two packets of RINSO."

What a big surprise! RINSO'S THICKER, RICHER SUDS save all washday rubbing!



LAST OF LONDON'S FLOWER GIRLS LONG F



DINAH OF THE STRAND, 72, one of few remaining flower girls of London. Succession of officials from Australia House, across the road, have been her customers, including, says Dinah, "Mr. Stan Bruce—'im wot's a lord now—a real toff."



IN DYED Army greatcoat and worn boots, Dinah sells her flowers from a stall, but now well stocked with spring blooms. She began flower-selling at the age of twelve.

Airmailed by BILL STRUTTON of our London staff

The Flower Girls of London with their old familiar cry of "Buy my vi'lets—luvly vi'lets" are now a vanishing race.

These picturesque identities, now numbering only a handful, once swapped gossip with dukes and dustmen, and gave their homely comments on the international situation to the Press as they squatted comfortably among their baskets.

THREE who remain to remind bustling Londoners of gayer, leisured Edwardian days are 74-year-old Polly of Piccadilly, 60-year-old Kitty of Fleet Street, and 72-year-old Dinah of the Strand.

Neither their daughters nor the children of the other half-dozen flower girls scattered throughout London will carry on the flower-girl tradition. Ten years ago Westminster stopped issuing licences.

"And p'rhaps it's just as well," says Dinah, plump, rock-like, on her corner opposite Australia House.

"The really great days was when we were all girls in the time of King Edward—bless 'is soul. Young dandies queued up then and bought posies for their girls, and hansom cabs stopped and gentlemen sometimes bought up our whole stock to put in the lady's tap."

"Nowadays, they say it with nylons or something."

Regretting the passing of the old days, Dinah (Mrs. Winifred Wilson) says the flower-sellers miss the

meetings of the Flower Girls' Guild in St. Clement Danes, where "sometimes over two hundred of us would meet and gossip."

Vicar of St. Clement Danes, the famous "Oranges and Lemons" church of the Strand, adopted the Flower Girls of London. He and his wife died shortly after the old church was blitzed, but Mrs. Pennington-Bickford left provision in her will for "an eight-day holiday by the sea for every Flower Girl," a perpetuation of the gift she had made them annually for 40 years.

"Dear old Queen Alexandra used to come often to St. Clement Danes, and we always made a guard-of-honor for her with our baskets," said Dinah.

"... And those lovely Aussie boys in the Air Force—wot larks we'd have during the blitz! There they'd be flipping coins along the Strand—two-up they called it—and me keeping watch for the bobbies. Many's the time I've had to yell, 'Nark it, boys—cops!'"

Of the score of old ladies who



PICCADILLY, Edwardian days.

once girdled the city, only one remains: Mrs. B. Beauchamp, 100, with a lined face and frequently a quaver against her.

"Ah, I never used to come to this street," she says. "Why, I used to get a customer for my flowers in five minutes, me having to wait for him to stop!"

How to do the Royal Minuet

Popular with London's debutantes and England's village hall dancers is the new courtly dance, The Royal Minuet, created in honor of Princess Elizabeth's recent birthday.

Written and composed by 30-year-old Glasgow songwriter George Mahan, the lyrics originally included a direct reference to Princess Elizabeth, which was later deleted because the name of the Royal Family may not be used commercially.

Routine, devised by Adele England, creator of Lambeth Walk, is illustrated here by Charles Thiebault and Doreen Beahan—Open British Professional Dancing Champions.



1—SPRIGHTLY GAVOTTE opens dance as partners chasse (three steps) to right, then left, repeat.



2—MINUET is next. Partners hold left hands, circle, chasse four steps to complete circle.



3—FACING each other, chasse back, forward, right, left—then back to position 1. 4 and 5—AFTER



only one partner's left

The Australian Women's Weekly—May 31, 1947

FOR EDWARDIAN DAYS



IN a commodious basket, Polly, now 74 and a great-grandmother, offers roses, violets, and primroses.



ON Eros where once a score of sellers battled for custom of malefactors now has more than one flower-seller on its steps.

ON Eros, there Polly is. Polly Ann is a slender figure. She appears in all her shrill tone of traffic. "I'm a bit ailing now, and don't come so often, but I want to see 'em put blooming old Eros up on top ere before I pass on. Lord knows there's few enough of us now."

"Time was when thirty of us girls was all round Piccadilly selling buttonholes like popcorn to the stage stars of King Edward's day," says Kitty of Fleet Street.

"Now we 'ave to make collections among ourselves when one of the girls gets ill."

Anybody wanting to test the pulse of the Stock Exchange in the pre-



POLLY, under Eros of Piccadilly, takes up her lone stand.

war years had only to stand and watch. Kitty, the "Carnation Queen," as she stood on its famous steps. The rate at which she sold her carnations was an accurate barometer.

Kitty, who started in Throgmorton Street as a gamine of 10 and is now a virile, rosy-cheeked "old dear" of over 60, has shifted her pitch to the celebrated street of newspapers—Fleet Street.

Kitty (Mrs. Kitty Williamson) is

a legend in Fleet Street, calls editors and copyboys alike "dearie" and to them is "Kitty m'dear."

"Up at St. Paul's churchyard there's only two girls left, where there used to be thirty. They stood in the middle of the road under the statue of Sir Robert Peel—I'm wot invented policemen—and made a pound and more a day."

"Now if old King Edward was back on the throne, things'd be different. No nonsense about not importing mimosa from France, nor all that. Ah, bless 'im, them were really the days . . ."



PICTURE FROM the past. Vanishing sight is that of the top-hatted stockbroker buying flowers on the way to the city. Flower girls' blooms are highly priced to-day, and the top-hat is usually replaced by a Homiburg.



REHEATING first steps, hands crossed in front, but making movement forward to right and then left, lady circles under Then (at right) partners face each other and bow.



6—IN REVERSE circular waltz, partners finish two turns, face, hold hands. Tempo quickens at this stage of dance.



7—TO WALTZ TIME they swing feet through, first to man's right, then to his left.



8—TWO STEPS forward for man while partner dances solo waltz under his arm. Repeat 7 and 8 to complete dance.

No Wind of Blame

Continued from page 7

ERMYNTRUDE looked surprised and said, "Mary, what's come over you? I never grudged Wally a penny. He could have had five hundred any day!"

"Not for something you disproved of."

Ermyntrude blinked at her incomprehendingly. "I don't get what you're after dear."

"Aunt Erm, do you mind if we have Hugh in? I've got an idea in my head, and I don't know whether I ought to tell the police, or—or whether it's all too vague. But if they're suspicious of Baker, because of this five hundred pound business, and all the time he didn't ask Wally for it, surely I ought to—Hugh would know!"

"Well, I don't mind his hearing about it. But what about Lady Deric? We can't leave her all alone out there, can we?"

"She's gone." Mary went to the window and called to Hugh.

He came, but not unaccompanied. Vicki stepped into the room ahead of him, and inquired what the inspector had wanted.

"Oh, Vicki, you could have knocked me down with a feather! They've found one of your poor father's rifles in the shrubbery. It's quite true. It isn't in the case."

"Good lord!" said Hugh. "Then—

who could have got hold of it, Mrs. Carter?"

"Anybody!"

"Not Baker," said Mary. "Surely not Baker! How could he have known about it? That makes me feel more than ever that he didn't ask Wally for that money."

Hugh said frowningly: "What's all this?"

"Mary, darling, you aren't coming unstuck or anything, are you?" asked Vicki.

"No. But I—I rather think I know something the rest of you don't. And

I can't help feeling it may have something to do with Wally's going to the Dower House yesterday, though what it has to do with his being shot, I can't quite see."

"I believe Wally and Harold White had some scheme on hand for making money. He said something to me—oh, more than once—about making his fortune, all through White. As a matter of fact, it was when I rather went for him about lending money to White."

She turned to Ermyntrude.

"He had lent him money, you know, Aunt Erm, and I told him he'd no right to. And then he said that about making his fortune, and White putting him on to a good thing. I didn't pay much attention at the time, but now I can't help wondering. It would be so like him!"

"I'm afraid I haven't grasped the gist of this, Mary," said Hugh.

"What's the connection between this and Baker?"

"Wally knew Aunt Erm would give him money to invest in any scheme of Harold White's making. Then Aunt Erm found out about Gladys Baker. Do you think—do you think he could possibly have made up that story of being blackmailed for five hundred to get money for whatever scheme it was White had put up to him?"

Hugh, who had listened in blank amazement, said: "Frankly, no. I don't. Mary. Think it over for yourself! It's preposterous! Dash it, it's preposterous!"

"She's very likely right," said Ermyntrude, in tones of swelling indignation. "Oh, I see it now. The idea of it! Getting money out of me to have a scandal, as he knew very well he would, and then bluing the lot on some rubbishy plan of White's!"

Hugh was annoyed. "I'm not in the least fussy, but—"

"And dusty, and rolled up with those disgusting moth-balls."

"Do you mean to tell me you seriously believe that to get money for an investment he would have told you he was being blackmailed by this girl's brother?" said Hugh. "Look here, Mrs. Carter, surely that's too steep!"

"Oh, no, it isn't! I can see him doing it!" said Ermyntrude. "There never was such a man for turning things to good account. Oh, it fairly makes my blood boil!"

"I—I should think it might," said Hugh, awed.

Although he was becoming inured to the vagaries of Ermyntrude and her daughter, he was amazed to find that already nothing could have shaken their belief in the truth of Mary's theory.

Ermyntrude certainly seemed to feel that such duplicity on Wally's part was unpardonable; but Vicki accorded it her frank admiration.

"It's rather sad, really, the way one never appreciates a person till he's dead," she said. "Oh, I do think it was truly adroit of him, don't you, Ermyntrude, darling? Do you suppose it had anything to do with his being murdered?"

"Even if it were true, why should it have?" asked Hugh.

"Oh, I don't know, but I wouldn't be at all surprised if we discovered it was all part of some colossal plot, and wholly tortuous and incredible."

"Then the sooner you get rid of that idea the better!"

She looked at him through the sweep of her lashes. "Fussy!" she said gently.

Hugh was annoyed. "I'm not in the least fussy, but—"

"And dusty, and rolled up with those disgusting moth-balls."

"Ducky, don't be rude!" said Ermyntrude, quite shocked.

"Well, he reminds me of blight, and frost, and old clothes, and—"

"Anything else?" inquired Hugh.

"Yes. Lots of things. Cabbages, and fire-extinguishers, and—"

"Would you by any chance like to know what you remind me of?" Hugh said acidly.

"No, thank you," said Vicki gently and sweetly.

Hugh could not help grinning at this simple method of spiking his guns, but Ermyntrude, who thought him a very nice young man, was far from cross with her daughter, and commanded her to remember her manners.

"One thing's certain," she said, reverting to the original topic of discussion. "I shall ask that Harold White, just what he wanted with Wally yesterday!"

"Yes, but ought I to say anything to the inspector?" said Mary.

"I don't think I would," said Hugh. "Unless, of course, you find that your theory is correct. Frankly, I doubt whether he'd believe such a tale."

"No, I don't think he would," agreed Vicki. "He's got a petrified kind of mind which reminds me frightfully of someone, only I can't remember who it is, for the moment."

"Me?" said Hugh, cheerfully.

"Oh, I wouldn't be at all surprised if you're right!" said Vicki.

"The unashamed of you, Vicki," said Ermyntrude.

Mary echoed this statement a few minutes later, when she accompanied Hugh to his car, but he only laughed and said he rather enjoyed Vicki's antics.

"You don't have to live with her," said Mary.

"No, I admit it's tough on you, seriously. Mary, do you believe that your extraordinary cousin really did make up that blackmailing story?"

"It's a dreadful thing to say, but I can't help seeing that it would be just like him," replied Mary.

Harold White, to whom Janet faithfully delivered Ermyntrude's message, walked over to Greystanes after dinner. The party he disturbed was not entirely a happy one, for the Prince, who did not believe in letting grass grow under his feet, had been interrupted at the beginning of a promising tête-à-tête with his hostess, by the entrance into the room of Vicki and Mary.

This, naturally, put an end to his projected tender passages, and he was annoyed when he discovered that neither lady seemed to have the least intention of leaving him alone with Ermyntrude.

Mary sat down with a tea-cloth which she was embroidering, an occupation which, however meritorious in itself, the Prince found depressing; and Vicki (in demure black taffeta frock with puff sleeves) chose to enact the rôle of innocent little daughter, sinking down on to a floor cushion at her mother's feet, and leaning her head confidingly against Ermyntrude's knees.

As she had previously told Mary that she thought it was time she awoke the mother-complex in Ermyntrude, Mary had no difficulty in recognizing the tactless underlying this touching scene. The Prince, of course, could not be expected to realize that this display of daughterly affection was part of a plot to undo him, but he very soon became aware of a change in an atmosphere which had been extremely propitious.

He made the best of it, for it was part of his stock-in-trade to adapt himself gracefully to existing conditions, but Mary surprised a very unamiable look upon his face when she happened to glance up once, and saw him watching Vicki.

When Harold White came in, maternal love gave place to palpable hostility. Ermyntrude cut short his speech of condolence, saying: "I'm sure it's very kind of you to spare the time to come and see me, Mr. White. I hope it wasn't asking too much of you!"

"Oh, not a bit of it! Only too glad!" responded White, drawing up a chair. "Poor old Wally! Dreadful business, isn't it? The house doesn't seem the same without him."

"I daresay it doesn't," said Ermyntrude. "But what I want to know, Mr. White, is what Wally was doing at your place yesterday."

White looked slightly taken aback. "Doing there? What do you mean? He wasn't doing anything."

"What did he go for?"

"Look here, Mrs. Carter. I asked poor old Wally to come over and have tea. If he'd nothing better to do, and that's all there was to it."

"Well, I've got a strong notion it wasn't all," said Ermyntrude. "What's more, I'd like to know what that Jones person had got to do with it."

"Really, if I can't invite a couple of friends to tea without being asked why—"

"That's not so, Mr. White, and heaven forbid I should go prying into what doesn't concern me, but it seems a funny thing to me that you should be so anxious to get Wally over to your place—which you won't deny you were, ringing him up no less than three times—if it was only to see him drink a cup of tea. Besides, he was murdered."

"Well, you don't think I murdered him, do you?" retorted White.

The Prince rose, begging his hostess to excuse him. "You wish to speak privately to Mr. White, Trudinka. You will permit me to vanish."

"You needn't vanish on my account," said White. "I've no secrets to talk about."

The Prince, however, bowed himself out of the room, and Ermyntrude announced that she did not believe in beating about the bush. "What I'm asking you, Mr. White, is, had you and Wally got some deal on which I wasn't supposed to know about?"

"Who's been telling you anything about a deal?" asked White suspiciously. "It's news to me!"

"That's as may be, but I hope you aren't going to tell me you haven't gone into a whole lot of deals with Wally in the past, because I wasn't born yesterday!"

Please turn to page 30

ALFRED



"Alfred believes that affection should be founded first of all on wholesale companionship and common interests."

Imagine! THIS SPANKING WHITE SUIT COST 9'11 EIGHT YEARS AGO WASHED DOZENS OF TIMES WITH VELVET IT STILL LOOKS LIKE NEW



"ALL MY CLOTHES LAST WELL," writes Mrs. Gall. "That's because I wash them with Velvet Soap. Take this imitation linen suit—bought eight years back in a basement sale for 9'11! Badly washed, it wouldn't have lasted long, but thanks to Velvet I couldn't wear it out. I got a bit stouter, so have passed it on to one of my daughters—and it's like new."

4. BE WISE—TAKE A TIP FROM MRS. GALL! DON'T RUB AND SCRUB YOUR LINENS THIN! THAT MAY BE THE ONLY WAY WHEN YOU USE SOAPS THAT GIVE LAZY, GOOD-FOR-NOTHING SUDS BUT...

5. WHEN YOU USE VELVET, EVEN GROUND-IN GRIME SAFELY. IT'S EXTRA SOAPY SUDS MAKE LINENS LAST FOR YEARS.

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Velvet Soap
Tune in every morning, Mon. to Thurs.
"AUNT JENNY'S REAL-LIFE STORIES"

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A famous favourite returns

Absent for a long while because of the restrictions on cream, Heinz Cream of Tomato Soup is at last back again.



COLLINS

Rich Dairy Cream in HEINZ Cream of Tomato Soup



57
VARIETIES

Piping hot and richly red, Heinz Cream of Tomato Soup gives the family's appetites an exciting little tug. Full of delicious nourishment itself, it whets the appetite, too, for all the other good things to follow.

Luscious, sun-drenched tomatoes—firm, unblemished, ripe to the minute—are carefully prepared in Heinz kitchens to extract every drop of mouth-watering goodness.

A liberal portion of rich dairy cream is in every can!

Creamy, deliciously flavoured, this is the world's most famous fine soup.

Other soup varieties—Vegetable, Mulligatawny, etc.

HEINZ

H A R O L D

White's face darkened. "I suppose you're hinting that I owe Wally a bit of money. You needn't be afraid, Mrs. Carter; naturally, I'll pay it back to you. As a matter of fact, it isn't due till Wednesday, but, of course, if you're anxious, you can have it before. It was just a loan to help me over a temporary embarrassment. That's what I liked about Wally. He was open-handed."

"Yes, it's very easy to be open-handed with other people's money!" said Ermytrude. "Not that anyone's ever called me mean, and, as for my hinting about it, such a notion never entered my head, and I'm sure I'm not worrying about being paid back so don't think it!"

Mary said nastily: "Perhaps you wonder at Mrs. Carter's asking you that question. Mr. White, but the fact is that my cousin said something that led us to believe that he was contemplating some sort of business deal."

"He may have been, for all I know, I suppose I'm not the only person he could do business with?"

"There's no need for you to be offended," said Ermytrude. Incensed by the sneering note in his voice. "Considering you're time and again led poor Wally into investing money in schemes which never turned out to be a bit of good—"

"Look here, Mrs. Carter, you've never liked me, and you needn't think I haven't known it. I don't know what you're getting at with all this talk about my having a secret deal on with Wally, but if you've got some sort of notion of dragging me into his murder and making out it was connected with a business deal which I was leading him into, you can drop it, because you're a long way off the mark!"

He drew a deep breath.

"And if that's all you wanted to see me about, I'll say good-night! You needn't trouble to show me out!"

Ermytrude took him at his word, but Mary rose to her feet and accompanied him to the front door. When she came back into the drawing-room, Vicky said: "I thought he was awfully fallacious, didn't you?"

"No, I don't think I did, really. After all, you were rather impossible, Aunt Ermy!"

"If you ask me," said Ermytrude darkly, "he was up to something. Ten to one, if Wally hadn't been shot, he'd have been up to his neck in a plan to lose a lot of money by this time."

"Five hundred pounds," said Vicki. "Do let's tell the inspector, Mary."

"I'm not going to. In fact, I'm beginning to wish I hadn't said anything about it. What's more, Hugh doesn't think the inspector would believe a word of it."

"Well, I think we ought to broaden his mind," said Vicki. "Or do you feel that this is really a case for Scotland Yard?"

"Oh, my goodness, don't suggest such a thing!" exclaimed Ermytrude. "I mean, what's the use? Scotland Yard can't bring Wally to life again, and when you think that I've got to face an inquest, it's too much to expect me to put up with detectives as well. Because, you know, dearie, once they start, heaven alone knows what they won't dig up!"

Unfortunately, this point of view was not shared by the police. On the afternoon of the following day, a brisk and bright-eyed inspector from the Criminal Investigation Department arrived in Fritton, accompanied by an earnest young sergeant, and several less distinguished assistants.

"I'll say he's not!" said Cook, and

No Wind of Blame

Continued from page 28

Neither Inspector Cook nor Superintendent Small viewed with much pleasure the prospect of handing over their case to the inspector from London, but Inspector Hemingway, when he arrived, disarmed hostility by a certain engaging breeziness of manner, which had long been the despair of his superiors.

"Nice going-on in the country!" said Inspector Hemingway, who had begged the tedium of his journey from town with a careful perusal of the account of the case submitted to his department. "Mind you, I don't say I'm not going to like the case. It looks like a very high-class bit of work to me, with rich wives and Russian princes, and I don't know what besides."

"Properly speaking the Prince isn't a Russian, but a Georgian," said the superintendent. "At least, that's what he says."

"My mistake," apologised Hemingway. "Matter of fact, I knew it all along. My chief tells me that if he's a Georgian, he ought by rights to be a dark chap, with an aquiline kind of face, and not over-tall. He tells me he's got a Georgian name all right, so no doubt he was speaking the truth."

"He's dark and aquiline right enough," said Cook. "And I don't mind telling you that I don't take to him, not by a long chalk."

"That's insular prejudice," said Hemingway cheerfully. He opened the folder he had brought with him, and ran his eye over the first type-written sheet. "Well, let's get down to it. What I want is a bit of local color. By what I can make out, the murdered man's no loss to his family."

"I'll say he's not!" said Cook, and

without further encouragement regaled Hemingway with a description of Wally Carter which, though crude, would have been sworn to by any member of Wally's family.

Inspector Hemingway nodded. "That's what I thought. Now let's go over the dramatic personae. We'll take the widow first. Anything on her?"

"I can't say as I have," replied Cook. "She's one of those flashy blondes, but apart from her silly way of carrying on, I've nothing against her. Mind you, if you were to ask anybody hereabout they'd tell you that Carter's death just suite her plans. It's common knowledge Mr. Steel's been hanging round her for the past three years. He only came to live in the district a few years ago."

"Until this Prince turned up, the general opinion was that it was a wonder Mrs. Carter didn't divorce Carter, and hitch up with Steel. But from what I can make out, the Prince has changed all that. He's staying at Greystanes now, and if you ask me, he means to marry Mrs. Carter. It was him told me about Carter suspecting that it was Steel took a pot-shot at him on that shooting party."

Hemingway consulted the type-script under his hand. "This Steel has no proper alibi, I see. Out on the farm, but can't bring anyone forward to corroborate. Well, it's my experience that that kind of alibi is the hardest of all to upset. Give me what looks like a watertight alibi every time!"

"Seems plausible to me," said Cook doubtfully. "You'll see that he says he didn't even know Carter was going to the Dower House that afternoon. Well, why should he? Stands to reason he wouldn't hide himself in the shrubbery on the off-chance."

"I'm bound to say I don't fancy him for the chief part," replied Hemingway. "All the same, that statement of his will bear looking into. As far as I can make out, you've only got his word for it he didn't know about this appointment."

"I'd say he was speaking the truth. Didn't turn a hair when I questioned him. And didn't deny he'd no use for Carter."

"Well, that's put a query against his name all right," said Hemingway. "There's something about strong, silent men who don't keep anything back that makes me highly suspicious. Now, what about the Prince? I see he states he arrived at the doctor's house more or less at the time the murder was committed. Statement corroborated by the doctor's housekeeper. What made her so certain of the time?"

"She hadn't any doubt. When I asked her, she said at once the Prince arrived before 5 o'clock."

"How did she know?"
Inspector Cook looked a little taken aback. "She didn't hesitate. She said the Prince arrived before the doctor had got back from a case he'd been called out to, and it was a few minutes to five."

"That's the kind of airy statement I like to see checked up on," said Hemingway. "Now, I see you've got a query against this Miss Fanshawe. Properly speaking, I don't hold with women in shooting cases, but you never know with some of these modern girls."

"You wouldn't know with her, that's a certainty," said Cook. "She was in the shrubbery at the time of the murder, and she had her dog with her. From what I can make out, it's the sort of noisy brute that would bark its head off if it got wind of a stranger being about the place. But it didn't bark, nor yet give any sign that he knew anyone was near."

"What you might call a highly significant feature of the case," agreed Hemingway. "Could this Fanshawe dame have got across the stream other than by way of the bridge?"

Y

ES, she could," said Cook, "though I'm bound to say my sergeant couldn't find any footmarks, but the stream takes a bend about thirty yards beyond the bridge. Anyone crossing it beyond the bend couldn't be seen from the bridge. Well, there's a bit of a pool just round the bend, but it isn't any size, and the stream narrows beyond it, so that I reckon it would be an easy job to jump it."

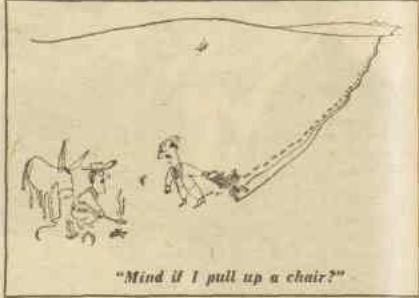
"What's more, the young lady wasn't hampered by skirts, because I've discovered that she was wearing slacks at the time. The bullet tells me she's devoted to her mother, so that it seems to me it won't do to rule her out of the case."

Hemingway pursed his lips. "It comes to that, it won't do to rule anyone out, but if you were to think that every girl who's devoted to her mother will shoot her stepfather as soon as look at him, you'd soon find yourself in a mess. What about this young fellow, Baker?"

Inspector Cook's account of Petty Baker made Hemingway open his eyes.

"You do see life in these parts, don't you?" he remarked. "Talk about the great, wicked city! Well, well, I think I'll go and take a look at the scene of the crime."

"I'll send one of my young chaps



"Mind if I pull up a chair?"

with you, shall I?" offered the superintendent. "Not that you'll find anything there. Nothing to find. The murderer dropped the rifle and bunked, and the ground's too hard after this drought to show any footmarks."

"You never know," said Hemingway.

Waiting with his own sergeant for the promised guide, he remarked that the conduct of this case was a very good object lesson for the student of crime.

"Yes?" said Sergeant Wake incredulously. "How's that, sir?"

"Police faults analysed," replied Hemingway. "What with Mr. Steel and his nice, open admissions, and the doctor's housekeeper, you've got a couple of bits of unchecked evidence that aren't doing us any good at all."

A young constable joined them at this moment, and they set out for Greystanes, arriving at the Dower House shortly before five o'clock. Janet was in the garden, and looked rather frightened when Inspector Hemingway's identity was revealed to her.

The inspector, who had a genius for inspiring people with confidence, soon put her at her ease, and drew her into a description of what had happened on the Sunday. His sergeant waited patiently in the background, and the local constable betrayed signs of boredom, but Hemingway listened to Janet's spate of talk with keen interest.

He learned about Alan White's quarrel with his father, and his hasty departure from the house; he learned of White's debt to Carter; of Janet's dislike of Carter; of Alan's opinion of Mr. Sam Jones; of Vicki Fanshawe's cool way of greeting the news of Carter's death; he even learned of the ruining of the new kettle, and the waste of a batch of stones.

By the time he parted from Janet, even Sergeant Wake, who had a great respect for him, felt that he had allowed himself to be drawn into a singularly unprofitable conversation.

"I wonder Inspector Cook didn't warn you about Miss White," the constable ventured to say. "A regular talker, that's what she is. Doesn't know anything, either."

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The Australian Women's Weekly—May 31, 1941

City girls or country girls

WHO ARE THE MORE ATTRACTIVE?



THE ONE SOAP SPECIALLY MADE TO STOP "B.O."

H EMINGWAY

smiled. "I like talkers. You never know what you may pick up from them. Now I've found out a lot from Miss White that you other people never told me. Is that the bridge?"

"That's it, sir, and if you'll follow me, I'll show you the spot where the rifle was found."

The inspector plunged into the shrubbery in his wake, and the rambunctious constable pointed out to him not only where the rifle was found, which was close to a slim sapling, but also the view to be obtained of the bridge.

Hemingway grunted, and asked if anything else had been found near the spot. The constable shook his head, and offered to show him next the way by which the murderer had probably made his escape.

The ground was strewn with fallen leaves, which made in some places a thick bed, and the inspector, tripping over a little mound, kicked some of these out of place, disclosing a small object which instantly caught his eye. He bent, and picked up a horn hair-slide.

"Didn't search very closely, did you?" he said. "Supposing you were to have another search? You never know—we might find some more things of this nature."

The sergeant joined in the search, but the result, though surprising, was not very helpful.

"In fact," said Hemingway, regarding the collection of objects which the shrubbery had yielded, "you might call it a bit confusing. It beats me how things get into places like this. Where did you find that old boot?"

"That was just by the wall by the road," said the constable.

"Thrown over my some tramps. It's been there for months, from the look of it. You can take it away, and that broken bit of saucer with it. And if that rusty thing's the lid of a kettle I shan't want that either. Now what have we got left?"

"One broken nail-file, one toy magnet, and a pocket-knife," said the sergeant.

Hemingway scratched his chin.

"I'm bound to admit it's a mixed bag," he said. "Still, you never know. I don't myself carry nail-files in my pocket, nor magnets either, but that isn't to say others mayn't. Mind you, the nail-file, being broken, may have been chucked away, same as the kettle-lid, and that bit of china."

"Seems a funny place to use as a rubbish heap," demurred the sergeant. "I knew a chap that used to carry a nail-file about with him. Sissy sort of fellow, with waved hair."

"He would be," said Hemingway. "We'll keep that file, in case it turns out to be relevant."

"What about the magnet?" asked Wake. "Who'd go dropping a thing like that around? Looks to me like it could only have been some kid playing around in the shrubbery."

"Trespassing, do you mean?" inquired the constable. "Well, they could, easy, because the wall's only a low one, as you'll see, sir."

"Know of anyone, other than a

No Wind of Blame

Continued from page 30

kid, who'd be likely to carry a small magnet in his pocket?" asked Hemingway.

"Can't say I do, sir. Sort of engineer, it would have to be. wouldn't it?"

"I'm bothered if I know," replied Hemingway frankly.

"Well, the pocket-knife seems the likelihood kind to me," said Wake. "Nothing the matter with it; both blades intact, so we can take it if it wasn't chucked away. I don't know what you think about it, sir, but I don't set much store by that hair-slide. Sort of thing that might easily get lost. I was thinking it might be Miss White's."

"It might," agreed Hemingway. "If it is, she can identify it. But what strikes me is that it hasn't, from the looks of it, been lying out here long. Tell me what you make of this."

He drew the sergeant towards the sapling which stood a few paces from where the rifle had been found, and pointed out to him some grazes on the smooth bark, about 18 inches from the ground.

Wake inspected the marks rather dubiously. "Well, I don't know that I make anything of it, sir. Not immediately, that is. Someone might have scraped the tree, I suppose."

"What for?" inquired Hemingway.

The sergeant shook his head. "You have me there, sir. Still, trees do get bruised, don't they? Does it mean anything to you?"

"I can't say that it does," confessed Hemingway. "All the same, something did scrape that tree, and not so long ago, either, from the looks of it; and as it's only a couple of steps from where the rifle was found, it may turn out to be highly relevant. You never know. All right, what's your name. I've finished here. I'll take a look at the stream now."

The stream, however, did not hold his interest for long. Having visually measured the width between the opposite banks, the inspector sighed, and passed on to look at the wall separating the Dower House grounds from the road. Finally he went back to the lawn where he had left Janet, and asked her if she recognised the hair-slide.

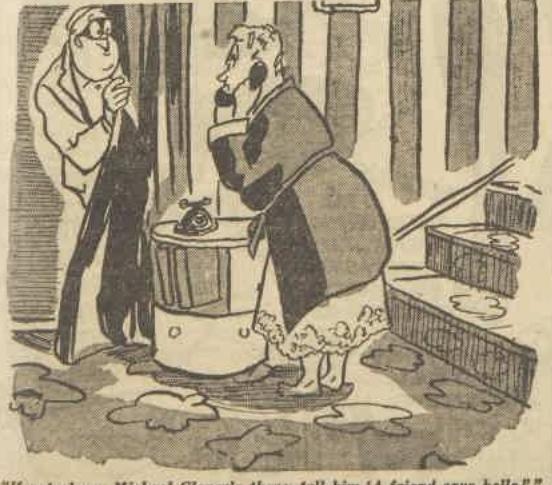
"It's not mine," Janet said. "I'm absolutely certain of that, because I never wear them."

"Do you know anyone who does, Miss White?"

"Oh, I couldn't say! I mean, I've never thought. Lots of people do, I expect. As a matter of fact, I think Florence does. She's our maid, and if you found it in the shrubbery it just shows I was right all along, and she does slip out to meet her young man when it isn't her half-day at all!"

Florence, however, when confronted with the hair-slide, promptly disowned it, and denied strenuously, if not altogether convincingly, that she had ever set foot in the shrubbery, or had ever entertained her young man within the gates of the Dower House.

BUTCH



"If patrolman Michael Clancy's there, tell him 'A friend says hello!'"

MRS. PHELPS

paused for effect, and then went on: "Then he showed me his wristlet watch, and it was five-to-five. It isn't likely I'd forget a thing like that! It was a lovely watch, too."

"And did you happen to compare his watch with one of the clocks in the house?" inquired the inspector.

"Why, whatever should I do that for?" said Mrs. Phelps. "I'm sure I'd no reason to doubt the Prince's word! I just showed him into the doctor's sitting-room, and begged him to take a chair, and it can't have been more than ten minutes, or perhaps a quarter of an hour, before the doctor got back, though that I won't swear to."

"That's all I wanted to know," said the inspector.

"Well," said Sergeant Wake, when they reached the street again, "that certainly makes the Prince's alibi look a bit funny."

"Yes, and it makes the local police-work look a bit funny, too," said Hemingway. "Nice way to take evidence! If you ask me, the Prince hasn't got an alibi at all. Very fishy it looks, him calling attention to the time, as registered by his own watch! Now we'll make a few inquiries, my lad, and see what's what!"

To be continued

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LEONIE went down the road. If she didn't hurry she would be late for lunch, and Sarah didn't like that. What had she really prayed for? A thousand a year, Roger had said, a steady thousand a year instead of precarious six-figures, and both of us straining to make it. Then we can have a family.

That was three years before, and they hadn't reached the thousand a year stage yet. But they had had a good time and they were still in love—in spite of being married. And they could, for instance, afford to have this holiday. Sarah took the villa and managed everything, and the guests paid the expenses. Admirable arrangement.

Sarah loved managing things—and people, too. Leonie was sure she wanted to wish her on to Oscar. She was always putting up Oscar as her version of the Ideal Husband. And she was always saying that second marriages were best. More stable. And she knew that Oscar had been in the background before Roger.

Leonie was sure that Sarah got a sardonic enjoyment out of watching Roger's gyrations with the Wendy creature. There were more women than men in the house-party, and Roger got more attention from the unattached females than was good for him. She was a jealous pig to want to cramp his style. To-night she would dress up and play gay Gayer than Wendy.

In the garden of the villa she met Oscar.

"Hello, darling, you look fagged," he said. "Take a siesta this afternoon like the natives. Remember, you came for a rest. You can't scurry hither and thither in this temperature. You have a bath and lie down, and I'll get your lunch sent in on a tray."

He did. Unobtrusively. No fuss. Before Oscar had gone in for psychology and nerves he'd been a general practitioner. He didn't only have the grace of speaking Italian. He had a way of seeing inside people, and of getting things done.

After lunch Roger came in to collect his racquet. He was going to play tennis with Wendy and a couple of others. "In this heat!" exclaimed Leonie.

"Don't let the climate get the better of you," he snapped back. "Get up and run about a bit. Do you good." He went out without kissing her.

It didn't make Leonie feel good at all. It made her think of front pivots again. She took aspirin to forget it, and Oogly jumped up on the bed wanting to be cuddled. He had a self-righteous air, and was squinting violently. Leonie put him on the floor. Then on a piece of cellophane she drew a circle in ink, put two eyes, a nose, and a mouth in it, and a lot of squiggly hair about it.

"That's Wendy, Oogly. Isn't it like her? All frizz and smile. See, I've put in hundreds of teeth, now it's more like her still. We'll pin it up on the wall and make an Aunt Sally of it, and that will sublimate all my repressions, as Oscar might say. 'Seal! Bang!' She took a ball of knitting wool and threw it at the sketch.

"There you are, Oogly. Right in the mouth." With her still-wet pen Leonie blacked-out the left-front tooth. "See the horrid gap it's left!" Oogly purred ingratiatingly back at her, and made a conventional miaow. Leonie lay down again and went to sleep.

So fast asleep that at tea-time she was a new woman. She made-up carefully and put on a new house-coat. They were having tea on the terrace. The sea had turned to a dark amethyst, and there were clouds in the sky and the shadow of clouds on the sea. The tennis party came back. Struggling. Unhappy. Jim, the archaeologist, explained...

An unfortunate backhand had

Sicilian Sun

Continued from page 11

caught Wendy in the mouth. Before Leonie saw the gap where Wendy's left centre front tooth ought to have been she knew the worst. "Oogly!" she gasped. But Oogly was unconcernedly licking his whiskers, and she noticed that he hardly squinted at all.

Wendy was cracking hardy. After the accident she had actually finished the set.

"Smashed my pivot clean away," she said, "and there won't be a dentist I'd trust on the whole island. No, Sarah, it doesn't hurt at all, but it makes me look an awful fright." She hadn't looked in her mirror, and the full horror of her appearance hadn't yet entered her soul. She was still jolly and sporty about it. But dancing after dinner that night she felt pretty miserable. Roger had cooled off. He couldn't stand imperfection.

He was very sweet to Wendy, but he didn't want to dance. He took Leonie off to walk in the orange-scented air. They were very gay and irresponsible. Leonie wanted to laugh—a great deal. Roger took her in his arms. "This island's Paradise," he said.

But no Paradise without its snake. A week after Wendy it was Miss Torrington. She fluttered moth-like wherever Roger went. It was Leonie's belief that Roger fell for any woman who flattered him enough, but Miss Torrington, in Leonie's opinion, was much too sympathetic and gentle to be true.

In Leonie's opinion the thing that gave Miss Torrington away was her nose. It was a big nose with a high bridge, and a determined hook on the end of it, and it simply couldn't belong to the clinging vine type of woman, which was what Miss Torrington pretended to be when men were about. In feminine society her personality was different. Dominant, like her nose.

She always got her way about things that don't matter in the least—and do matter terribly. First turn at the bath . . . the only apple in the fruit bowl . . . the best chair in the room . . . what they were going to do next.

Leonie did not draw a portrait in profile of Miss Torrington and put a suggestive piece of sticking-plaster on the nose. She only confided in Oogly on the night everyone went to the bath . . . the only apple in the fruit bowl . . . the best chair in the room . . . what they were going to do next.

Almost immediately, apparently as a result of a girlish Torrington squirming in the bay window, a great carved Sicilian curtain-pole fell down with a heavy thwack right across the Torrington profile.

"Oogly! We'll have to stop," observed Leonie sternly next morning. "Curtain-rod and tennis balls are harmless enough, but somebody will be getting seriously hurt soon. Poor Miss Torrington has an awful swelling on her nose, and one eye is black. Altogether she looks rather a mess, Oogly."

"Miaow," said Oogly, intelligently. The weather was a little too perfect. The days passed. After six weeks Roger was getting restless. Life in Paradise was too settled. Miss Torrington packed up and cut her holiday short. A first-class black eye takes a fortnight to fade.

In Miss Torrington's place for the last fortnight came Ursula, Sarah's niece. Ursula was a little beauty. If she knew it, it didn't make her look any the less attractive. Even if she was what a jealous woman might have called dumb, it was pleasant just to sit and look at her. Leonie found it pleasant. She couldn't be jealous of Ursula. Ursula was too young and pretty.

She had a Dresden china prettiness of hair and skin, and porcelain chiselled features.

The Latin villa-owners for miles around found her beauty irresistible. They looked about. So did the archaeologists. So did Roger.

Ursula couldn't swim. So she said. Privately Leonie thought Ursula an adept in the art of being taught swimming. Roger was favored with the teaching of Ursula to swim.

He was always asking her if she wanted another lesson. He motored a hundred and fifty miles to buy her the biggest water toy in Sicily. It was a dolphin. Roger was ridiculous over Ursula. It wasn't only Leonie's imagination. Sarah's sardonic eyes commented on it every time she saw them together . . . Was that why she had brought Ursula out?

For the first time Leonie began seriously to worry. She felt miserable . . . in spite of the holiday.

They had bathing parties in the dark of the moon. Ursula looked like something out of Hans Andersen interpreted by Mendelssohn. Sweet, pretty. But not out of real life. She couldn't grow up.

Oscar was always around. Chatting, fooling, laughing. He was there the morning the mother of the baby in the bus brought back the ivory L. Little Leo was sick; had fever, couldn't eat. He had lost weight, and was hardly recognizable. Maybe the L was a female L, good for Leonie, but not for Leo.

Never once did the mother's eyes look directly at Leonie, and she avoided touching the L, which was carefully wrapped in a piece of linen. Yet she gazed round the courtyard as if expecting to see something horrible, and yet relieved that it was not there. Oooh, of course. The Evil Eye. Superstitious peasants.

SCAR pacified the woman. Gravely he agreed that a female L might bring bad luck to a boy. At the same time he assured the baby's mother that Leonie had wished Leo no harm; that Luck in English always means GOOD luck, never bad luck. Might he see the baby? He was an English doctor, and maybe he could help. It was marvellous the way he won her confidence to the point of letting him accompany her to see the baby.

When he came back he said, "It's colitis, an infantile form. Serious, but he's over the worst now. I've prescribed diet and medicine. Poor little chap, you would hardly know him, he'd wasted away terribly."

"Was it—natural? The disease?"

"You don't believe in the evil eye do you?" he retorted.

"Well, I thought that Oogly might . . . Perhaps . . . in conjunction with me. You see since I've had him so many odd things have happened . . ."

She told Oscar very solemnly about Wendy's pivot and the sad tale of Miss Torrington and the curtain-pole.

Oscar laughed. He comforted her with the commonsense of science and poured ridicule on the supernatural.

She was still serious. "Three coincidences," she said. "It is strange, isn't it? And then why did Roger give me the Siamese suddenly like that when we were on Milan station? I'd always wanted one, and he wouldn't let me have one. How do you explain that?"

"Easy. If it's any relief to your mind I'll tell you. I suggested the Siamese. I didn't say a Siamese in so many words. I said that you badly needed something small and live and cuddly to love. Most women do. I told him after you'd both been so petish in the train. Oh, yes, you do; don't contradict! I spoke what I thought strongly, and left it to his imagination."

Please turn to page 35

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[ADVERTISEMENT]



SOME folk not only bite off more than they can chew—they choke to death trying to prove they didn't!

Newest high-flying London colour "Cinder Pink" has an interesting name history. The toning is described as an inspiration from flowers which have sprung up on bomb-damaged sites.

Harry Dearth's holiday ends on Sunday, June 1, when he again resumes his role of producer-director of Lux Radio Theatre. Dick Fair has had a busy time doubling from Australia's Amateur Hour to Lux Show and back again. And Harry? Well, just say "golf" and you'll be dead right about what he's been doing. Rounds and rounds of it, broken only by the weekly trip to town for "Surprise Party."

My bachelor uncle's a regular cynic. When asked what he thought of marriage, the old boy said: "Marriage? That's two innocent people entering wholly into the state of deadlock!"

Caliture is one of those EXPENSIVE words. It's a French word, of course, meaning "You'll have to keep going back to the hairdresser because you'll never be able to comb it that way yourself!"

Smocking has grown up! It's coming right off baby clothes and little boy's smocks on to glamor-girl nighties. So you gals who are shopping for trousseaux take note! One beautiful overseas nightie we saw was white georgette with blue smocking at the heart-shaped neckline and slender waist.

Definitely a swoon job!

Sarah Bernhardt, the divine Sarah, first lady of the stage in her day and age, was an incomparable wit into the bargain. It was she who said: "A woman who can talk well without opening her mouth too wide is really the ideal type."

Lux Radio Theatre actress Bebe Scott has the sharpest canary, which she gives the run of the house. The big moment of his week comes when Bebe invites a trio along to bridge. The bird looks over their shoulders and twitters so knowingly Bebe's friends swear she has it trained to tell what they're holding.

My brother (the teen-ager who's a refugee from a schoolroom) says a casserole is a garment worn by curates. But I wouldn't depend on it if I were you.

QUIZ CORNER:

It doesn't really matter, I guess, but who was the person who first made high heels fashionable?

Ladies, it was a man! But not a mere man. He was King Louis XIV of France. He wore them to bring up his height. Result? They became fashion firsts for all the well-dressed beaux of France that season.

Woof



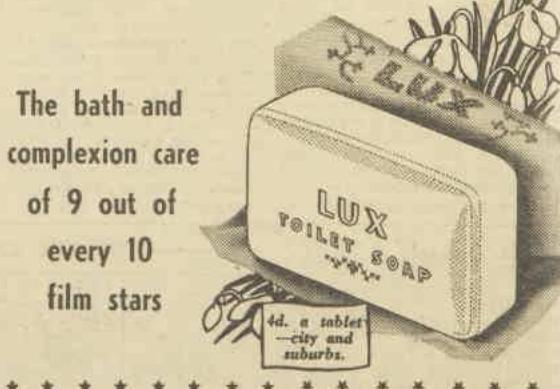
Actual statement
by

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The Australian Women's Weekly—May 31, 1947

IF I WERE YOU

Conducted by Margaret Howard for those in need of friendly, experienced advice.

A point of etiquette which seems to trouble many people is the correct use of the prefix Mr., Mrs., or Miss in connection with themselves or close relations.

Knowledge of such things, though perhaps not of the first importance, lends smoothness to social contacts.

PEOPLE who neglect correct usage may cause embarrassment to those associated with them.

In the following letter and answer I deal with two specific cases.

WHENEVER my husband writes a letter he signs himself 'Mr.' which he says is correct. He even signed himself 'Mr.' on our marriage papers. When one introduces oneself to another person is it correct then to say 'I'm Mr. So-and-so'?

It is never correct to include one's title in a signature. For the purpose of information a married woman may, in writing a business letter, write "Mrs." in brackets beside her name. But this is the only deviation from the rule.

A man introducing himself correctly would use only his surname—"I am Smith"—and a woman both Christian name and surname. There are perhaps circumstances where a married woman might feel it better to introduce herself as "Mrs." to

make unnecessary a further explanation.

Another reader has written to me asking if it is wrong to refer to her husband as "Mr. So-and-So." She complains that she feels foolish, particularly when speaking to younger people, if she refers to him by his Christian name.

When it is not appropriate to use a Christian name, "my husband" would be correct.

I AM a widow, 56 years old. I have two children, a boy 18 years old and a girl just 16. They both have friends to go out with, and I am left to go out on my own. I have been a widow since my boy was 16 years old, and, of course, I am feeling very lonely now that they have grown up. Do you think I'd be neglecting my duty to them if I made friends with a nice man?

How would you advise me to go about finding someone with similar tastes? I am a church member, and interested in church work."

I think that you will find that this is probably the loneliest period of your life. When your son and

daughter are a little older they will become more considerate and companionable to you, as they were when they were younger.

Try to become part of their new lives by encouraging them to bring their friends to your home and doing everything to make it a happy place for them to come.

In them I think you will find more comfort than you would by going out of your way to gain a man's friendship. However, to make new contacts, I suggest that you join a church club, and there you will meet people of both sexes with similar tastes to your own.

WHEN a young man takes a girl out for a day or a night's entertainment how should she express gratitude? Is it necessary to repeat the thanks every time?

Whether your host is a young man, a married couple, or another woman, thanks should always be expressed in much the same way after an outing: "Thank you very much for a lovely evening" or "Thank you so much. I have had a lovely time" is a usual formula. It is courteous to offer your hand as you say it, or to kiss someone with whom you are on more familiar terms.

Of course you must say "thank you" after every outing.

I SHOULD like to become engaged to a girl. Should I ask her to marry me or should I just ask her to become engaged? Is it necessary to ask her father's permission first?

An engagement presupposes a

When writing for advice on your problem . . .

LETTERS to Margaret Howard should bear the signature and address of the sender. All letters will be regarded as strictly confidential, and no names, pen-names, or addresses will be published. Pen friendships will not be arranged through this column.

Send your problem, addressing your letter to Margaret Howard, c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4098WW, G.P.O., Sydney. She will deal with letters only and can give no personal interviews. Do not write on legal or medical questions.

promise to marry, so, of course, you must ask the girl to marry you before you can become engaged. If for some reason you wish to delay the marriage for a period, you can explain that to her when you propose. If she accepts on that understanding you can then announce your engagement.

There is no legal reason why you should ask her father's permission first if she is over 21. Nowadays I think it is usual to speak first to the girl before asking her parents' formal consent.

But it is still a generally accepted courtesy to ask her parents' permission before the engagement is made public.

WE are five girls ranging in age from 22 to 26 years who came together in the A.W.A.S., and we are now more like five sisters. While in the Service each one of us had a broken romance, the memory of which is now preventing us from leading normal lives. I want all the girls to come away to some place where we can meet new people and pull ourselves together.

You have all been unfortunate in the type of men with whom you be-

came friendly in the Army. While I sympathise with the experiences you have had, I feel that, as none of the men have apparently been serious in their intentions, it will be better for you all to forget those episodes in your lives and start again.

I do not think that it would be a good plan to do as you suggest and go away together. Five lives cannot be settled as one.

While you were in the Army you made friendships which the comradeship of community life made to appear lifelong. Perhaps they will be lifelong, but that does not mean that you must all cling together.

Each make your own resolutions and go your separate ways.

You will forget the past more easily like that, and when you come to one another or meet for a reunion things which seem so grim now will have been softened by time and have become merely a shared memory.

I hope that you will all settle down and find happiness, but that depends on each individual. You must each make the effort alone.

WHERE would I obtain information about becoming an air hostess? I am also interested in learning to fly.

I have received a number of letters on this subject from girls interested in flying or who want to travel.

Much the same procedure is followed by T.A.A. and A.N.A., the companies which run interstate airlines, when engaging air hostesses. Applicants must be between the ages of 22 and 28 years, be not more than 5ft. 6in. or less than 5ft. 3in. tall, and weigh about 88 stone. A home nursing certificate or nursing experience is necessary, and A.N.A. prefers trained nurses.

Application forms are available at the offices of the companies in capital cities as a general rule, but sometimes it is necessary to write to the senior hostess at Essendon Airport, Melbourne, for application forms. Mairon H. Holman receives applications for A.N.A. and Miss H. Somerville for T.A.A.

Qantas Empire Airways do not employ women as hostesses, but their associated organization, Tasman Empire Airways, have stewardesses. These are engaged at present in New Zealand, but applications may be made to the staff manager, T.E.A., Mechanics Bay, Auckland, N.Z. Some State airlines also employ hostesses.

Women members of the Aero Clubs in most States can learn to fly. Instruction fees, plus hire of a plane, work out in the vicinity of £100 for the course, payable as instruction proceeds. Some commercial firms also undertake tuition.

The Australian Air League arranges lectures for people in Sydney and correspondence courses for girls as well as men who are not able to attend classes. The League holds out no hope of flying tuition for women at the moment. The address is 54 Pitt Street, Sydney.

Sicilian Sun

Continued from page 33

but he kept his dignity—with an effort. Ursula began to throw tiny pebbles at him to ruffle his dignity. "Don't, Ursula," said Leonie. "He doesn't like it." But Ursula kept on, laughing at Oogly.

When a pebble a little sharper and heavier than the others struck him Oogly flew, without warning, at Ursula and left three angry long scratches down her shoulder.

Roger was furious. He beat Oogly, harder than he ought to, harder than Oogly deserved. He threw words at Leonie harder and sharper than the pebbles Ursula had flung at Oogly, and then he went off in a high temper to fetch iodine from the villa. A long, hot, thankless walk.

"It doesn't matter, it really doesn't matter. It was my fault. I teased him!" cried Ursula. But Roger paid no attention.

Ursula began to play in the shallow water with the rubber fins on her hands and feet and the dolphin floating about beside her. She laughed and called cheerfully to Leonie to show that she was quite all right and didn't mind about the scratches, and then lay back in the sun, considering Oogly, who had installed himself close to her, and was plainly sulking.

Leonie sympathised with Oogly, even though he had made Roger cross with her and spoiled their last day in Paradise: a day that she had wanted to keep sublimely perfect. Still, she wasn't going to worry. She wasn't going to sulk with Roger over silly little Ursula. She was much too pleasantly lazy to get emotional. It was as if she fell off a cliff straight into a profound sleep.

She swam on mechanically. Now she was deadly tired. The wind had come up a little and there was more swell. She only saw the dolphin occasionally. Ten yards. Had anyone on shore seen her? If only Roger would come quickly. Get a boat and come quickly. He was such a good swimmer.

Then she realised that the dolphin was still as far away as ever. Further. It was drifting faster than she could swim! It was gaining on her!

She must have swum a quarter of a mile. Keep the dolphin in sight. Don't get excited. It wasn't so far to go. The dolphin was drifting, but she was gaining on it. But suppose she didn't catch the dolphin.

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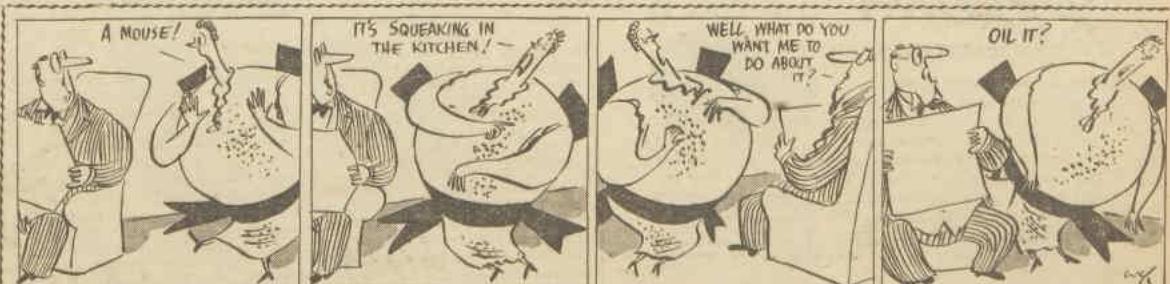
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IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By Wep

British studios take a holiday from thrillers

By cable from BILL STRUTTON in London

Patricia Roc, trim in a red-and-white check gingham apron, was my hostess yesterday in the back parlor of a small suburban grocery shop.

We had tea and buns, the staple diet of British filmdom, while technicians and cameramen wandered behind the counters, and leant against the groceries on the shelves.

THE shop is the setting of her latest film, "When the Bough Breaks," which has been tipped as the British picture most likely to appeal to women filmgoers.

Pat pointed through the tiny window at a little gingerheaded boy sitting dismal in a yard full of packing cases, a fluttering clothesline, and a heap of garden tools.

"That is Cavan Malone, who plays my son Jimmy in the film. Rosamond John and I have a rather intense dispute over him," she explained.

When the camera whirred into action again, and a team of technicians began concentrating on Patricia Roc's half-profile, I noticed that they were almost rubbing their hands with glee.

"They are having rare sport on this film, and have called it unofficially 'Holiday From Crime,'" Pat told me. "They are fed up with making thriller after thriller."

"They say the new human scene it provides is refreshing, and they are revelling in its homely drama."

A cameraman who overheard us

chipped in and said over my shoulder, "We have been working on too many dimly lit sets where a terrifying shadow stalks the innocent heroine."

"Our spine no longer creeps and our hair stays flat on our heads."

"We are bored with bloodshed. Then along comes a film with a touch of homely pathos in it and catches all of us men on a very sentimental spot."

"Why can't we have more stories like this?"

Thinking it over, they probably will, for the producer responsible for this choice of subject is a woman—Betty Box.

The only person who is unhappy about Gainsborough's "When the Bough Breaks" is dress supervisor Yvonne Caffin.

Leading lady Patricia Roc has to be in character as a grocer's wife, and does not wear one frock costing more than five pounds sterling.

"Most of the dresses I wear in the film cost about 30 shillings, and were bought 'off the peg' at a popular London store," she explained. "My wardrobe mistress finds she has no fun dressing the film at all."

But Pat concedes that this is an



LEGAL BATTLE to gain possession of her son Jimmy (Cavan Malone) is bitter victory for Lily (Patricia Roc). After his earlier enforcement of luxury he is unhappy in grocery store home.

would be allowed to act and didn't have to be anybody's 'stooge.'

"He is no glamor boy, but an actor of character and great ability."

The story of "When the Bough Breaks" revolves around the adoption of a small boy, Cavan Malone.

"I find that the man I married is a bigamist, who gets gaoled, and Rosamond John, who has a lovely home, looks after the child for me," Pat said.

"We are such great friends that we agree it isn't necessary to sign adoption papers. Then later I meet and marry a young grocer (Bill Rowbotham) and we decide we want the boy back."

"I fight a legal battle for him, but when he comes back home he is miserable and out of place, and homesick for his foster mother."

"We have to send him back."

Patricia Roc finds the greatest trouble that besets her in film making is her accent.

When she came back from America she had difficulty getting rid of a slight drawl, and the Scots burr she acquired for her last film has lingered and threatened to creep into this film.

As "When the Bough Breaks" is strictly in London dialect, this difficulty had to be overcome.

"Ever since my girlhood in France, where I learned to speak fluent French, I have tended to absorb the language and gestures of the place I live in," Pat said.

"It would be nice and flattering to think of it as a happy talent, but I think of it more as an affliction."

Film Reviews

★★★ PICCADILLY INCIDENT

THIS film, released by BEF, begins and ends in London's Old Bailey, scene of many heart-moving stories; but none more so than this.

Although the story has a wartime background it could happen just as easily to-day, and will not become dated until England has revised her legitimacy laws, as the plot is built round a clause in those laws.

Produced and directed by Herbert Wilcox, the action is swift and interest is maintained at a high level. This skilful direction and splendid acting provide excellent entertainment.

Anna Neagle's Diana Fraser and Michael Wilding's Alan Pearson are both convincing and lovable people. They are not exacting parts; but the actors have given them a maximum of gracefulness. A harder part is that of Joan Draper, played with great understanding and charm by Frances Mercer.

The high standard of acting set by these three is well maintained by Coral Browne and Michael Laurence in smaller but vital parts.—Embassy; showing.

★★ THE BIG SLEEP

BOGEY and Bacall are together again in this Warners' film, their first together since "To Have and Have Not," and in an action-packed drama such as this they're a capable team.

Bogart is cast as Phil Marlowe, the hard-living detective of Raymond Chandler's novel, who is plunged into adventure when he takes on the case of the eccentric Sternwood family. Chasing gamblers, blackmailers, and murderers, Bogart finds time to beat off one designing female and fall in love with another, which should suit his fans nicely.

Bacall does a smooth job as Vivian, his main romantic interest, but watch out for Marilou Vickers, as the crazy Sternwood girl who falls for Bogart. She steals the scene.—Plaza; showing.

★ MICHIGAN KID

BASED far too obviously on Rex Beach's novel of the same name, this film is badly dated in parts, and the Cinecolor production which Universal have added doesn't stop it being old-fashioned.

Four buddies who have taken part in the army against the Sioux Indian uprising, Jon Hall, William Brooks, Lenard East, and Milburn Stone, swear allegiance to one another if any trouble occurs. This is the cue for Hall, the Michigan Kid, to get up to his neck in trouble.

There are plenty of chases, raids, and rough riding, with Victor McLaglen and good-natured Andy Devine turning out to be the "baddies" of the piece.—Capitol; showing.

★ DARK DELUSION

FANS have no doubt wondered how long it would be before Hollywood's current craze for the psychological drama caught up with MGM's Dr. Kildare series. Well, it has done so with a vengeance in this film, which, in spite of the title and the absence of handsome Lew Ayres, features all the old crew, led by Lionel Barrymore as Dr. Gillespie.

Plot centres on a charming young girl, Cynthia (Lucille Bremer), who is schizophrenic, exhibits symptoms of kleptomania, and is steadily growing insane. She also starts fire now and then.

Together Dr. Gillespie and his off-sider, Dr. Coalt (James Craig), get to work on the girl with narco-synthesis (truth serum), and her subconscious comes to light. After that it is a simple matter for the two medics to cure her, and for Dr. Coalt to add the necessary romance angle by promptly falling in love with her.—St. James; showing.

★ ABIE'S IRISH ROSE

ANNE NICHOLS' tried and true stage classic of the Jewish boy who marries an Irish girl has been a sure-fire hit on every tour it has made, but reaction may be varied towards its adaptation for the screen by United Artists.

For one thing, public opinion has

OUR FILM GRADINGS

- ★★★ Excellent
- ★★ Above average
- ★ Average

No stars — below average.

shifted somewhat since its stage successes. For another, emphasis in the film seems shifted from the simple plot of love conquering all into an unpleasant exaggeration of racial characteristics.

Opening of the film shows an ultra-modern young Able Levy (Richard Norris) meeting USO Camp Shows entertainer Rosemary (Joanna Drau) in London, and being married by a Protestant Army chaplain (not in the original play).

After that there are a lot of lines which may raise objection. The cliché of upturned palms, haggling over dollars, and shoulder shrugging is overdone. So is the grotesque pugnaciousness of Patrick Murphy, who scoffs at "That Jew person."

The two screen newcomers, Joanne Dru and Richard Norris, handle their parts competently, and even promise of dramatic ability. But the entertainment value of the film is doubtful.—Empire; showing.



HAPPY COUPLE Errol Flynn and wife Joanne Dru relax in garden of their home. Flynn's next picture for Warners is "Never Say Good-Bye."

The Dressmaker

SAID "Yes madam—it...er-suits you perfectly..."



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REXONA MEDICATED SOAP

Don't be a half-way beauty... the type who cares for her face, and ignores shoulders and back. You can be lovely all-over so easily by the regular use of Rexona Soap. Rexona is specially medicated with Cetyl to clear away the impurities that cause pimples and blackheads... dull and lifeless skin. It tones up the pores — makes all of you romantic.



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Cetyl, an exclusive Rexona
compound containing Oils
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X.66.26

They're well worn...

but they've worn well...



*With a piece of cloth, rub in a fair quantity of Kiwi polish. Then dip the cloth in water; rub thoroughly over the shoes. Now polish briskly—a perfect "mirror finish" will result.

YOU CAN always tell when shoes have been properly cleaned and well cared for. Even though they become old and worn they hold their polish and the leather remains soft and supple. Regular cleaning with Kiwi is best. Kiwi gets right down into the pores of the leather . . . it protects and preserves and gives a brilliant polish. Get all the family into the Kiwi cleaning habit, it makes well worn shoes look like new, and when their shoes go in for repairs, they too will say "They're well worn but they're worn well—thanks to Kiwi."

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giving leave you. Work is no longer a burden—play is fun. You no longer feel depressed and irritable. Sleep comes naturally and you wake refreshed. The whole system is braced up—as a natural result of revitalised nerves and arteries recharged with new, rich, red blood cells.

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Try pleasant-to-take BIDOMAK for 14 days—unless you feel stronger, and show a general all-round improvement in your health, the trial is absolutely free and you may be guaranteed on return of the nearly empty bottle to the Douglas Drug Co., Goulburn Street, Sydney. Get guaranteed BIDOMAK to-day.

1 JOYFUL REUNION takes place for Flavia (O'Brien) when best friend Steve (Murphy) returns to Tenth Avenue from prison. Blind Mac (Williams) and gangster Madson (Trout) also greet him.

2 HOMECOMING PARTY on Tenth Avenue is success for Flavia, except for two things. Blind Mac's money-box is stolen, and Steve's romance with Susan (Lansbury) seems ended. Gloria (Audrey Totter) loses no time in taking Susan's place.

Tenth Avenue Angel

KNOWN on the MGM lot as "Lucky Street," the studio reproduction of New York's Tenth Avenue makes its 2000th screen appearance in this film, with youthful Margaret O'Brien following in the steps of past and present major stars who have walked its length.

Robert Taylor, Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland, and Van Johnson are only a few stars who played on "Lucky Street" in early films, and it has a sentimental appeal to cast and studio workers alike.

Margaret O'Brien plays the part of one of Tenth Avenue's most ardent supporters, little Flavia Mills, in the film, assisted by George Murphy, Angela Lansbury, Rhys Williams, and Tom Trout.



3 FINDING money-box full of notes. Flavia buys presents. Mother (Phyllis Thaxter) explains it belongs to Blind Mac and Flavia sadly returns it.



4 LOOKING FOR MIRACLE Flavia goes out on Christmas Eve to find kneeling cow. Meeting Madson's gang, she persuades Steve to leave them



5 SURPRISE awaits Flavia when she returns home at midnight convinced that the Christmas Eve miracle is true. She finds a new baby brother in her mother's arms.



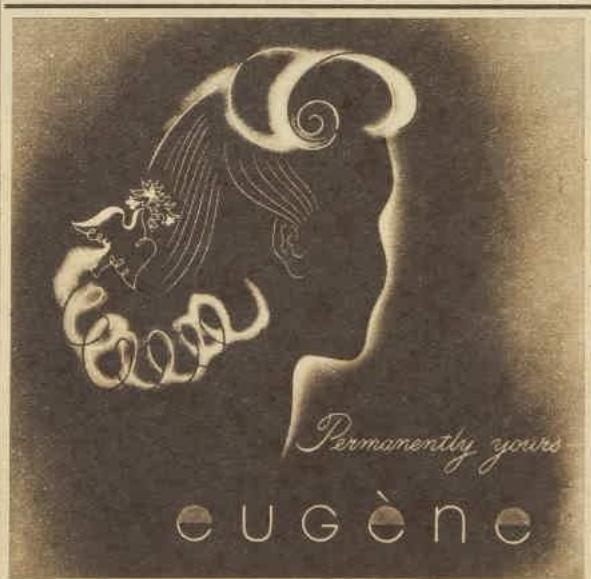
6 CHRISTMAS DAY is happy one for Tenth Avenue. Susan and Steve are reunited, Steve gets full pardon from the parole board, and has left Madson's gang for good. Greatest joy for Flavia is brand-new pair of roller skates, a Christmas gift from Blind Mac.

Parents are funny in some ways; but they're certainly right to see we keep this rule—



—every morning take

ENO'S
"FRUIT SALT"



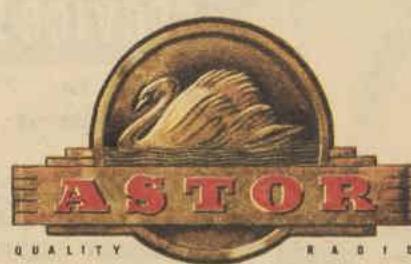
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Legal Service Bureaux

For the purpose of giving legal advice and service to present and former members of the Forces and their dependants, the Legal Service Bureau was established in 1942, as part of the Commonwealth Attorney-General's Department. This Bureau is available to assist both men and women. Addresses throughout the Commonwealth are:—

4th Floor, Mercantile Mutual Building, 117 Pitt Street, Sydney Telephone BW 1852

Saxon House, 450 Collins St., Melbourne Telephone MU 9194

Epsom Building, Pirie Street, Adelaide Telephone Central 6417

A.N.A. House, St. George's Terrace, Perth Crown Solicitor's Office, COMMONWEALTH OFFICES, WEST BLOCK, CANBERRA Telephone 631

T. and C. Building, Queen Street, Brisbane Telephone B 9124

Deputy Crown Solicitor's Office, A.W.C. Hallinan, Cleveland St., Townsville Telephone 1972

Commercial Banking Company of Sydney, East Street, Rockhampton Telephone 3169

Police Building, Franklin Wharf, Hobart Telephone Central 6658

Deputy Crown Solicitor's Office, Darwin

Under Part II of the Re-establishment and Employment Act 1945, members and ex-members of the Forces are entitled to preference in certain circumstances in engagement for employment. They also have other special rights—for example, in relation to housing and tenancy, and moratorium and re-establishment benefits.

The Commonwealth Attorney-General's Legal Service Bureau advises, without charge, on all legal matters affecting servicemen or their dependants. Any member or ex-member of the Forces who believes he has not been given the treatment to which he is entitled, under the Re-establishment and Employment Act or otherwise, is invited to place the facts of his case before the Legal Service Bureau, either by letter or by personal call.

H. V. EVATT,
Attorney-General of the Commonwealth.

Supplies will again become available when present restrictions are removed

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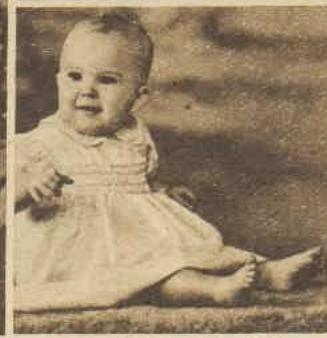
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HOW do you like me? Ronald Davidson Wilson, of Mangin Street, Mowbray Heights, Launceston, Tasmania.—Mothercraft Service baby.

Seven smiling babes



PERFECT PET is Roxley, Mothercraft Service baby, and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. Haffday, of Oban Avenue, Black Forest, S.A.



LOVELY Sandra Lee, 11-months-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Young, McIntosh St., Queanbeyan, N.S.W.

POT-PLANTS for those bare terraces

● A bare footpath, terrace, or courtyard can be glorified by tastefully selected pot-plants and shrubs, or the crevices planted with suitable species.

... SAYS OUR HOME GARDENER

In the accompanying photograph, while good use has been made of low-built walls and kerbs, and wide crevices between flagstones have been effectively planted, the pot-plants have been but poorly furnished.

Yet a well-selected camellia or a range of azaleas would have added color to an otherwise unattractive footpath, drive-end, or patio.

Nurserymen to-day are paying particular attention to the supplies of colored pots of large size, and the demand for such containers has increased enormously in recent years.

In most cases the pots cost considerably more than the shrubs or palms growing in them.

It is fitting, therefore, if one spends £2 or £3 on a large pot that the contents should also be worthy of such a pot. The old saying "Put a two-shilling rose in a two-shilling hole" was never more trite in such a case.

Having bought a beautiful camellia, gardenia, daphne, palm or other plant in a colored pot that blends with the rest of its surroundings, select a suitable place for it.

Camellias don't always appreciate full sunlight, therefore they should be placed where they are kissed by the morning rays but protected from its fierce embrace during the summer afternoons.

Traffic requirements should also be considered, for a big flower-pot placed out in the middle (or near it) of a footpath can be just as dangerous to visitors as any footpad.

Place your pots and plants where they are most effective without proving a menace to life and limb, always considering, of course, their welfare as well as your own.

Almost all the evergreens do well in pots and tubs, and many deciduous types, too. Palms grow quickly, but the dainty little Phoenix roebelenii is a laggard, and takes years to grow up.

Some of the dwarf types of conifers and most of the taxads can be grown in large pots and tubs, and, as they are mostly slow growers, provide beauty and restful greenness for many years.

In this class the handsome *cryptomeria japonica* and its off-spring, the Japanese plumy cedar, are both useful as well as ornamental.

Junipers, too, are slow growers and very beautiful.



FURNISH YOUR FOOTPATH with tastefully selected pot-plants or fill the wide crevices with suitable plants, and make a dull area bright and colorful.

particularly the Chinese golden juniper and the squamata, which has grey-blue foliage.

For deep pots and selected positions where accent demands something taller, the *libocedrus* decurrens and its N.Z. cousin, *libocedrus doniana*, are specially recommended. Others which may be used are *taxus baccata* (needs cool climate) and *thuyas* of many kinds.

What to sow and plant now

Seed sowing is mostly in the doldrums during June but there are a few vegetables that can safely be sown in the warmer coastal areas, such as broad beans, beetroots, cabbage, carrots and parsnips, kohlrabi, leeks, lettuce, onions, peas, radishes, and silver beet. Potatoes can be sown in N.S.W. coastal areas.

Roses can be planted out during June nearly everywhere, also deciduous and evergreen shrubs and trees. Old clumps of irises and similar herbaceous perennials should be lifted and divided before the season advances too far. Little advantage will be gained by sowing flower seeds now. Well hardened seedlings and propagated plants can, however, be set out in all but the very coldest districts.

Lawns should be put into order—cut fairly short and the edges trimmed all round. Don't top-dress them with soil during winter—the growing season is the time to do this job. Remove all weeds with a narrow-bladed, sharp knife.

WRITING UNDER DIFFICULTIES



From all over the world we get reports of how Platiplum Pens have served "above and beyond the call of duty," going through conditions that no one in fairness expects a pen to undergo—yet, coming through them with "flying colours."

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UNPREDICABLE TO ALL COMBINATION AND OILY SKIN



HERE is John Hedy Winch, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ivor Winch, of Port Lincoln, S.A.—Mothercraft Service baby.



THIS bright little chap picking up pebbles is Henry, son of Mr. and Mrs. O. Fick, of Garnet St., Dulwich Hill, N.S.W.... Clinic baby.



ANOTHER of our Mothercraft Service babies, Noeline, year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. K. Petty, Hannan's Rd., Peakhurst, N.S.W.

Play gives mental health...

By Sister MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

THOSE who have made a close study of little children realise that their play is Nature's education, one of the means by which they grow and develop.

This is evidenced by the ever-increasing demand, especially in cities, for more and more organised playgrounds, day nurseries, and kindergartens.

Many parents, however, do not realise that active play is a sign

of mental health and that safe and constructive toys suitable for the child's age should be given, and that the child's early play should be guided into constructive channels rather than it should learn to destroy.

A leaflet giving full suggestions for baby's playtime and toys can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, 5th Floor, Scottish House, 19 Bridge St., Sydney, if a stamped addressed envelope is forwarded with the request.



THIS bright-eyed babe is Richard Courtney, son of Mr. and Mrs. Cains, Old Beach, Hobart, Tasmania. Six months, he weighs 23lb.

Miss PRECIOUS MINUTES says:

DON'T discard old stockings. The feet can be used as "gloves" for cleaning out the fireplace or fuel stove, and two or three tops opened up and stitched together make a useful duster.

TRY renewing adhesive tape which has dried out through age or exposure to cold by heating it for a few seconds.

IT'S easier to separate a sponge cake if you use two forks instead of a knife. Start at the top, work down, and gently pull cake apart.

TIP for home painters: If windows get spattered with paint, dip a piece of steel wool in some turpentine and rub over spots. They simply vanish!

A LITTLE ammonia added to the washing-up water will swiftly remove the unpleasant odor of fish from dishes.

AFTER washing ribbon you can restore its freshness without starching by placing a piece of waxed paper on the reverse side of ribbon and ironing over it.

IF paper sticks hard to the icing of a cake, wet the paper and you will find it comes off quite easily.

WHEN hard-to-remove food clogs the perforation of your grater, don't try to punch through the holes to remove it. Use a sturdy brush and brush vigorously.

IF you put a few drops of water on the bottom of a spoon out of which the baby takes his cod-liver oil, you'll find none will stick and he'll get his full quota. Moreover, the spoon will be less difficult to wash.

Western Electric HEARING AIDS

Great news for the hard-of-hearing — Western Electric's new Model 84 Hearing Aid is available NOW! You must see it without delay—hear for yourself the natural clarity and amazing intelligibility that will give you Better Hearing. Model 84 is the year's most outstanding contribution to the aid of the hard-of-hearing. Call, 'phone or write for an appointment for a FREE demonstration.

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BERETS are perennial in their popularity. But this winter they glitter with sequins, silver or gold studs scattered or banded as shown above. Try your skill on last year's model.

10 DAYS FROM NOW—YOUR SYSTEM CAN BE IMMUNE FROM COLDS AND 'FLU

—and you can get through the most trying winter without them. Build up real resistance to infection with Anti-Bi-San, the preventive which establishes immunity through the blood stream. No disturbing after-effects. One box of Anti-Bi-San provides a complete 3-day course.

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COLD AND INFLUENZA PREVENTIVE TABLETS

113 Adult, 97 Child

* The results are successful in a high percentage of cases. Anti-Bi-San 3-day treatment will give you complete and lasting immunity from infection for three months.

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oh-oh, Dry Scalp!



DANGER AHEAD! It's Nature's danger signal when your hair looks lifeless—feels dry under your fingers and is hard to comb—there's a touch of loose dandruff. All these are signs of Dry Scalp. You need "Vaseline" Hair Tonic.

Hair looks better... scalp feels better... when you check Dry Scalp



ALL CLEAR! Just massage your scalp with five drops of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic each day. It checks Dry Scalp by supplementing the natural scalp oils dried out by sun and wind. Your scalp feels good all over. Your hair quickly looks smooth and well-groomed again.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

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What a Pity

SHE DOESN'T KNOW SHE IS GETTING

*PYORRHEA!

You, too, may be getting Pyorrhea—and at first not, even suspect it—not this dreaded gum disease which attacks 4 out of 5. Watch for signs—gums that bleed or are tender to touch. They may mean Pyorrhea with its threat of shrinking gums and loosening teeth which have to be pulled! See your dentist regularly. Follow his advice! Massage your gums and brush your teeth twice daily with Forhan's toothpaste! Because only Forhan's contains special anti-Pyorrhea astringent of R. J. Forhan, D.D.S. Start using Forhan's to-day!

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HANDSOME TEETH AND
FIRM GUMS—4 out of 5
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Forhan's
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Australasian Agents: The Sheldon Drug Co. Pty. Ltd., Sydney.



Palm and Olive Oils are an Ancient Beauty Secret

When you're dancing or dining, Fashion decrees that you stand back-to-back with beauty. So now's the time to learn the wisdom of the Serpent of the Nile. For Queen Cleopatra (who also wore revealing fashions) is said to have cherished her skin's supple youth with two precious oils, gentle olive and palm. For the modern miss, Palmolive will perform the same beauty service. With its precious blend of olive and palm oils, the creamy luxurious lather thoroughly cleanses the skin, keeping it silky-soft. Use Palmolive daily so that you will keep "schoolgirl complexion" *all over*.

PALMOLIVE SOAP

FOR THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION



The Australian Women's Weekly—May 31, 1947

The girl who is known as thin

BECAUSE the world is so full of women who want to lose poundage and inch-age we sometimes overlook the girls and women who would give much to be more curvaceous.

They are in the minority and are usually pretty silent about it, whereas the more pillow-y ones rarely seem to stop talking about being overweight.

So this article is for the light in weight.

We will consider first the healthily slender, small-boned girl who, though frail-looking as a peeled sardine, generally turns out to have a tempered-steel constitution.

She may feel some extra pounds would improve her figure. For her just a few changes—a good breakfast instead of none, a couple of selected toning-up exercises, fewer cigarettes perhaps, and almost nothing in the way of cocktails or liquor if she touches them.

Swimming is excellent for the healthy, too-thin girl; it's rhythmic, a natural relaxer, and doesn't consume too much energy. Or gentle stretching exercises each morning co-ordinating breathing with muscle contraction and relaxation.

Should it happen that this girl is also tall, with lengthiness of leg and waist, what armament for a fashion field-day, provided she walks tall and straight, head proudly in the air; because a slender, tall figure can look either very, very good, or excessively bad, depending on poise and an effortless walk.

She can build herself a reputation for smartness by making clothes add poundage at the proper points, choosing lines carefully, wearing wide, rounded shoulders, large cuffs, concentrating fullness below the waist, and always guarding the distance between hemline and ground, shoulder and wrist, neck and waistline.

Two-toned frocks are optically illusory in breaking up height, as do pretty peplums, broken-figured prints, rather than large, dazzling mass effects.

A sleeked, upped hair-do, high hats, dangling earrings highlight facial length and narrowness; hair-do that gives soft back-of-neck fullness; hats that build out rather than up are best.

A different type is the taut-as-a-wolin-string, too-much-underweight girl for whom the starting point for health and figure improvement should be her doctor's consulting room for a thorough check-up to determine whether there is any organic cause for thinness. If there is one—and there usually is—the



THE IDEAL FIGURE of fashion is on the thin side of slim . . . so, if thinness is your characteristic, don't worry, Carolyn Earle tells you here of the things you can do about it.

doctor is the one to deal with the condition.

If there isn't, so much the better; she starts rebuilding from that point.

Telling the too-thin, high-gearred girl to keep calm . . . to relax . . . might seem pretty futile, but the fact remains she must be encouraged to try constantly. Jitters and thin-

By CAROLYN EARLE
Our Beauty Expert

ness are a vicious circle. She'll stay thin if she is over-jittery, and she'll stay jittery while way underweight. As needed weight is gained control becomes easier.

Then exercise is a better weight-normaliser and silhouette-improver than most thin people think; simple set-ups, done at an easy pace, followed by relaxation, will help condition and develop muscle structure on which will spread firmly and attractively the weight attained through better appetite (brought about, in turn, by the exercise) and changed habits in eating and resting.

Food facts

"EAT, my sweet," count your calories and make each one count, but, remember, it's easier to gain weight on simple, nourishing, regular meals than on rich ones, and tea and cakes at four, laced with occasional chocolate sundaes, won't do anything but blunt the edge of a main-meal appetite. Of course, where adequate meals cannot be eaten, extra calories in between are necessary, but stick to something simple, like a glass of milk with plain biscuits, or orange juice with raw egg beaten in it—not sweets.

Eat, especially, a good breakfast; make it a meal of plus quantity during the first month of any weight-gaining programme. Maybe fruit juice, a bowl of cereal with plenty of sugar and milk, or cream, buttered wholewheat or enriched white bread; when able, add an egg to this breakfast. Breakfast skippers should be ashamed.

Generally, when people don't eat enough, they run risk of getting too little Vitamin B, lack of which makes them even less interested in food. This vitamin is very important, because it regulates appetite, steadies nerves, and generally acts as a pepper-upper. Found in whole-grain cereals, dairy products, fruit of all kinds, especially fresh, meat and fish, vegetables, especially peas, beans, potatoes.

We know there are other members of the Vitamin B family, and maybe the entire complex is needed; it can be taken in concentrated form, but only as supplementary to, not substitution for, good food.

How often is liver on the menu? Beef, lamb, or calf—all are equally good nutritionally. The other meat organs, kidneys, sweetbreads, heart and brains, are also good sources of this vitamin. Have one or other twice a week.

The protective foods supply the nutrients that make assimilation more efficient; that's why menus should be built round milk, eggs, vegetables, fruits, cereals, bread, butter, lean meat, fish, or fowl.

Milk, especially, is wonderful—a whole quart of it each day; a glass with each meal and a fourth, warm, just before bed. To this glass you might add one of the malt preparations, or vary the dose with a warm egg-nog.

Gaining extra weight is often a slow, tedious process, but it can be done, and you'll be more serene than you ever were during your underweight years.



Call to Perfection

CLEANSE . . . with Ardene Cleansing Cream (for a normal skin) or Ardene Fluffy Cleansing Cream (for a sensitive skin).

TONE . . . with a tingle of Ardene Skin Tonic. Ardene Velva Cream Masque, quick pick-up for tired faces.

NOURISH . . . with Orange Skin Cream (for a dry or ageing skin) or Ardene Velva Cream (for a normal skin).

Elizabeth Arden

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ROSEMONT ROYAL PERFUMES

Comparable to the fabulously-priced French perfumes in the imported fancy containers.

Although decorative containers are not yet procurable in Australia, the quality of Rosemont Royal perfume is unsurpassed. The following of the unforgettable-lovely Shantung, Wedding Night, Glamour, Desire, and other pulse-stirring Rosemont Royal creations come from the same source as do all French perfumes.

Ask for Rosemont Royal Perfume in smart, gold-labelled containers, at all leading fashion stores in your city. Country readers, please write direct to Box 4722, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W.

SUN LAZE IN THE WINTER MILDNESS OF QUEENSLAND

Winter goes a-summering in the Northern State. Though the calendar wears a frosty look in the South, it has no power to change the bright skies, the blue waters and friendly temperatures in Queensland.

Queensland has so many variations of change that you'll find it almost impossible to be bored. You can enjoy rest and quietude at a score of mountain and countryside retreats, fun and frolic on miles of sun-kissed Pacific beaches . . . the exciting and unusual on the World's Premier Marine Playground—the Great Barrier Reef, the magical allure of the Tropics in North Queensland.

Surfing, hiking, riding and driving, golfing, tennis, reefing, fishing—these are only some of the occupations which will fill your days with enjoyment in the Land of the Sun. Plan to come now. Our assistance and advice is yours for the asking.

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It is now known that in middle age the body begins to deteriorate and one suffers from excessive irritability, loss of mental alertness, the appearance of vague non-specific pains, and numbness in the hands and feet, etc., bladder disorders and many other well-known symptoms are evidence that the body needs help.

Nurogene (containing Hormogene) is a cell enzyme, which helps the cells, particularly those of the nervous tissue, to absorb additional oxygen from the blood and so, as a result of this tissue oxidation, the increased need, provides a new lease of life. Health and energy return, and there is a feeling of well-being.

Start taking Nurogene now. Call or write, sending 4/- by postal note, and airmail, course will be forwarded.

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*Increase
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to
Winter Ills*



... with regular cups of hot, delicious

Give the kiddies a drink of Milo before they go to school, and again when they arrive home, and don't forget their bedtime cup of Milo too. Not only will Milo give them that comforting warmth, taken regularly it will also help to build up their resistance to colds and other winter ailments. Drink Milo regularly yourself too . . . it provides that extra warmth and energy everybody needs in winter. A delicious chocolate-flavoured blend of pure country milk and malted cereals, Milo* helps to banish fatigue, soothe the nerves and induce sound, restful sleep. Sold by all Chemists and Stores, Milo costs only 2/3 per ½-lb. and 3/9 per 14-oz. tin in Metropolitan Areas. Prices in country districts are slightly higher.

* Milo is fortified with vitamins A, B and D and contains phosphates, calcium and important mineral salts.

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MILO the fortified TONIC FOOD

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The Australian Women's Weekly—May 31, 1947



LONG, gentle simmering and careful use of seasonings can turn the less expensive meats into dishes fit to grace the dinner tables of the most fastidious.

Flavorous, nutritious, economical dishes made from the cheaper cuts of meat are this week's contribution to your recipe collection.

Of course you know the cheaper cuts of meat are just as nutritious as the more expensive ones.

Stewing (either in a pan or casserole) is undoubtedly the best way of dealing with the not-so-tender inexpensive cuts of meat. But there's no need to leave the dish with the unattractive name of "stew."

Prepare it in your best ovenware dish and call it casserole... call it ragout, hot-pot, pan-pie, or what you will.

A roast by any other name may smell as sweet, but a stew by any other name tastes twice as good—particularly if the meat has been made tender by long, gentle cooking and made rich and flavorful with garden herbs, spices, and vegetables.

The following recipes will help you prepare appetizing dishes from meats which are not only inexpensive but low in coupon value, too.

SAVORY SPLIT STEAK

Two and a half to three pounds round or topside steak (cut 1 in. thick), 2 tablespoons flour, 1/2 teaspoon salt, pepper, 1 dessertspoon fat, 2 onions, 1 cup stock or water, pinch of herbs, 2 tomatoes, 1 cup mashed potatoes, 1 cup diced cooked vegetables (celery, carrot, par-boiled red pepper), 1 cup breadcrumbs.

Trim steak; combine flour, pepper and salt, rub well into the meat on both sides.

Using CHEAPER CUTS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Food and Cookery Experts

Heat fat in heavy saucepan, place meat in, brown well on both sides. Remove from fat, add sliced onions and brown lightly. Stir in balance of flour, pepper and salt, brown. Add stock, herbs, chopped tomatoes. Replace meat, cover closely and cook over very low heat 3½ to 3 hours until meat is tender. Place meat on serving dish, slice with sharp knife into 2 layers. Sandwich with hot potato mixed with vegetables. Fold breadcrumbs into gravy in pan, serve around meat. Note: For easier serving cut top layer of meat nearly through in 4 or 5 places before placing on top of potato mixture.

RAGOUT OF MUTTON

Six neck chops, 1 dessertspoon fat, 2 onions, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 pint stock or water, 1 cup diced celery and celery leaves, 1 cup cubed carrots and parsnip, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 firm tomatoes, 2 potatoes, 1 dessertspoon finely chopped mint.

Trim chops, removing gristle and as much fat as possible. Brown on both sides in hot fat. Remove, add sliced onions and flour, brown lightly. Stir in liquid, add celery, carrots and parsnip, salt. Stir until boiling, cover and simmer 1½ hours. Cover chops with sliced tomatoes, add potatoes cut in thick slices, sprinkle with chopped mint. Cover again, cook gently a further 20 to 25 minutes. Serve piping hot.

SAVORY PAN-PIE

One pound minced steak, 2 tablespoons diced onion, 1/2 teaspoon herbs, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 grated carrot, 1 chopped peeled tomato, salt and pepper to taste, 1 heaped dessertspoon flour, 1½ cups vegetable stock or water, 4oz scone dough.

Place meat, onion, herbs, parsley, carrot, tomato, salt and pepper in medium sized saucepan.

Blend flour smoothly with the stock or water, add to meat, mixing well.

Cook gently over low heat 35 to 40 minutes, stirring often. Press or roll scone dough to fit saucepan. Place over meat, cover and cook gently (use an asbestos mat) a further 25 to 30 minutes. Lift scone topping carefully from pan, cut into wedges. Top each serving of meat with a wedge of scone mixture.

AMERICAN STEAK CASSEROLE

One and a half pounds round or blade steak, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 cup tomato juice or tomato puree, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 cup vegetable stock or water, 1 green apple, 1 onion, 1 carrot, piece of swede, 1 stick celery, salt, pepper, 2 cups cooked spaghetti, 2 or 3 tablespoons chopped par-boiled red or green pepper.

Trim meat, put through mincer or chop finely. Blend flour with tomato juice or puree, add Worcestershire sauce and stock. Stir into meat, bring to boil. Add diced

apple, onion, carrot, swede, celery, salt, pepper. Turn into ovenware dish, cover and cook in moderate oven (350deg. F.) 1 to 1½ hours. Cook spaghetti in boiling salted water until tender, drain, mix in diced red pepper. Remove lid from casserole, top with prepared spaghetti, return to oven and bake 10 to 15 minutes. Serve piping hot.

ECONOMY MUTTON HOT-POT

One and a half pounds neck of mutton, 1 dessertspoon fat, 1 onion, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 pint water or stock, 1/2 teaspoon meat extract, 1/2 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 tablespoon barley (or 2 tablespoons barley kernels), 1 large green apple, piece of swede, 1 carrot, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

Trim all meat from bones, discard fat and gristle, cut meat into small pieces. Brown lightly in hot fat, add sliced onion and flour and brown. Add stock, meat extract, salt, pepper, washed barley (or dry barley kernels), diced apple, swede, carrot. Cover and simmer very gently 2 to 2½ hours. Just before serving fold in chopped parsley.

STEAK AND SPAGHETTI CASSEROLE

One pound blade or chuck steak, 1 tablespoon flour, 1/2 teaspoon salt, pepper, 1 dessertspoon fat, 2 onions, 2 cups stock or water, pinch herbs, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 dessertspoon tomato sauce, 1 cup macaroni, 1 tablespoon parsley.

Trim steak, cut into 1in. cubes, coat well with flour, pepper, and salt. Brown in hot fat with sliced onions and balance of flour. Add all other ingredients except macaroni and parsley. Turn into ovenware dish, cover and cook 2 hours in a moderate oven (350deg. F.). Cook macaroni in boiling salted water until tender, drain, fold into casserole. Serve hot sprinkled with chopped parsley.

True-to-life story

of Mrs. A. Chalmers,
Hurstville, N.S.W.

"... most natural way."



1. "I want to let you know how grateful I am for Kellogg's All-Bran."



2. "I suffered from constipation a day without having to take a laxative or salts. But they were too severe and eventually caused real harm to my system."



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Harsh laxatives never completely cure constipation... the more you take the more you need.

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Which day do YOU
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Savoy
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Savoy and I team up on Wednesdays. Week-day tennis and a hungry husband could make a bad love-match—but my man's favourite spaghetti or macaroni dish is always served up on time, thanks to trouble-free SAVOY!

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FOR "GOODNESS" SAKE
take HEARNE'S and
STOP COUGHING!!



FRIED APPLE SLICES and shredded red cabbage seasoned with onion, bacon, and lemon make fine accompaniment to grilled pork sausages.

Prizewinning recipes . . .

Inexpensive Dishes

A FINE combination of red cabbage, pork sausages, and fried apple slices wins first prize for a Victorian reader in this week's recipe contest.

Here's a good suggestion from a reader to prevent your favorite chocolate cake drying up too quickly: Add a little mashed potato to the mixture. You'll be surprised how long it will remain fresh.

SAUSAGES AND CABBAGE

One red cabbage, 3 bacon rashers, 1 large onion, salt and pepper, 1 tablespoon lemon juice or vinegar, 1lb. pork sausages, 2 cooking apples, brown sugar.

Wash cabbage and shred finely. Cut onion into rings, dice bacon; fry both in small quantity of hot fat till light brown, adding salt and pepper. Place cabbage in saucepan, add lemon juice or vinegar, fried onion and bacon, and cook gently over low heat till cabbage is tender—5 to 8 minutes. Shake pan occasionally. Prick sausages, fry golden brown in fuming fat, reduce heat, and cook gently until done all through—12 to 15 minutes. Remove from fat, drain on paper, keep hot. Fry apple slices 1 minute on each side, drain on paper. Pile shredded cabbage in centre of serving-dish, arrange sausages and apples around edge, sprinkling apple slices lightly with brown sugar. Serve piping hot.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. Dell, c/o Montague Hotel, Park St., South Melbourne.

CHOCOLATE POTATO CAKE

Four ounces margarine or butter, 6oz. sugar, 2 eggs, 6oz. plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1oz. cocoa, pinch salt, 1 cup milk, 3oz. mashed potato (cooked and cooled).

Cream shortening and sugar well together. Add unbeaten eggs one at a time, beating well. Fold in cold mashed potato. Blend cocoa with the milk. Sift flour, salt, and baking powder together and add alternately with milk and cocoa to creamed mixture. Place in 2 well-greased tins, sandwich-tins and bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) for 25-30 minutes. When cooked and cooled, fill with mock cream and top with chocolate icing.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. Williams, 28A The Avenue, Windsor St, Vic.



FLUFFY CHOCOLATE icing delicious over marshmallow. Rough up with fork, sprinkle with nuts. Make sure marshmallow is set before serving.

Try this delicious
Bournville recipe



Chocolate Coconut Cakes

- 2 oz. Bournville Cocoa
- 1 teaspoonful baking-powder
- 6 oz. castor sugar
- 5½ lb. margarine or butter
- 1½ lb. flour
- 1 oz. desiccated coconut
- 1 egg
- Milk
- Vanilla flavouring.

METHOD—Sieve the flour, cocoa and baking-powder. Add the coconut and mix together. Beat the sugar and fat to a cream. Then add the egg, stir it in quickly, and beat well for a few minutes. Stir in the dry ingredients with some milk as required, and mix all together. Add a few drops of vanilla. Put into small greased cake-tins, or baking-cups, and bake in a hot oven for about 15 to 20 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. R. Parker, 53 Wairara Pde., South Hurstville, N.S.W.

POTATO-MINCE BALLS

Four or six potatoes, 1lb. sausage-meat, 1 onion, pinch herbs, salt and pepper, 1 dessertspoon flour, 1 tablespoon water, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

Scrub potatoes well. Dry and leave unpeeled. Cut a slice from end of each one. Remove some of the potato pulp, leaving walls about 1in. thick. Place sausage-meat, minced onion, herbs, salt and pepper, parsley, flour, and water in saucepan. Stir over low heat 5-8 minutes to cook meat. Fill into prepared potato cases. Place lid on end, securing with a cocktail stick. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) for 45 minutes or until potatoes are tender. Serve hot, garnished with parsley.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. M. Wilson, 108 Darley Rd., Randwick, N.S.W.

RABBIT MADRAS

One rabbit, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, 1 onion, 1 apple, 1 banana, 1 tablespoon seeded raisins or sultanas, 1 tablespoon chopped parboiled red pepper, few small pieces preserved ginger, 1 tablespoon plum jam, 1 teaspoon salt, piece of lemon rind, rind of bacon rasher, 1 dessertspoon curry powder, 1 dessertspoon flour, milk.

Soak rabbit in cold salted water 1 hour. Wash well—cut into joints. Cut onion, apple, and banana into slices. Place rabbit in saucepan with sufficient water to cover. Add onion, apple, banana, tomato sauce, raisins, red pepper, ginger, jam, salt, bacon rind and lemon rind. Bring to boil and allow to cook slowly 1½ hours or till tender. Blend curry powder and flour with a little milk. Add to gravy, stirring till it boils. Serve with chutney and cooked macaroni.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. L. Zbierski, 5 Adams Place, Alberion, S.A.

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For figure beauty all
measurements and
weight must be in proportion
to height. The
hips must measure the
same as the bust, the
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Australian Women's Weekly—May 31, 1947

Page 47

Save FOR A PURPOSE-

Illness



SAVE for the medical expenses which, sooner or later, come to every family. It is a great consolation in those trying times to be able to afford the necessary nursing and convalescent expenses.

Education



SAVE for costs of schooling and higher education which may make all the difference to the future of your children. Rewards are higher for qualified workers. You will be happy in saving for the necessary training.

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SAVE while you plan your future home. Then save for those little improvements which go to build up the comfort and contentment of family life in a home. Save while you dream and plan.

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SAVE for your holidays—that break in the routine of the year when you throw off dull care and make that trip of your dreams which will give you fresh joy in living.

OUR PURPOSE

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HEENZO FAMILY COUGH REMEDY for the amazingly low cost of only 2/-

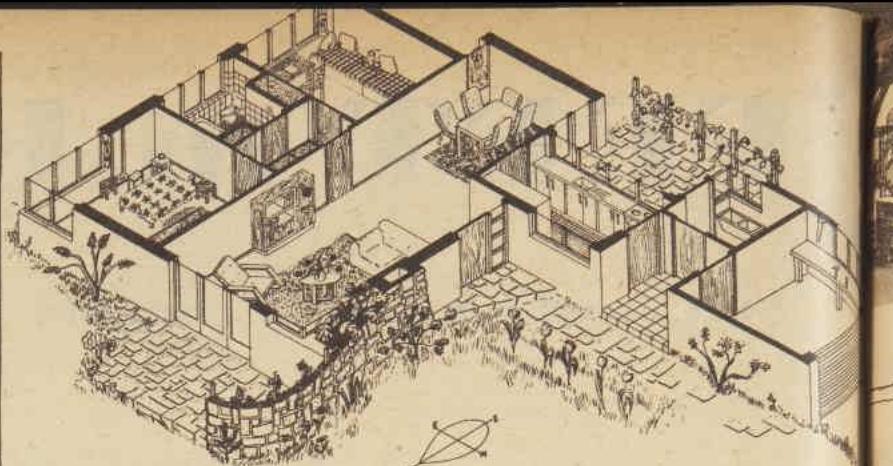
Quick action with Heenzo has saved many a sufferer from a worse cough or cold attack. It gives prompt relief—eases the breathing, soothes irritation, and SAVES MONEY.

A 2/- bottle of concentrated HEENZO makes equal to ONE PINT of the best ready-mixed medicines for chest and throat ailments. You simply add sweetened water.

Heenzo is equally good for adults and children. Get a bottle now—make it up, and keep it ready for use at the first sign of chest and throat ailments.

INSTANT RELIEF—NICE TO TAKE MONEY SAVING

HEENZO
COUGH & COLD REMEDY



LIVING WITH SUNSHINE

• Small L-shaped home, specially designed for a narrow frontage, offers maximum benefits of winter sun; protection from midsummer heat.

ALL homemakers will be interested in the plan of this two-bedroom home designed for a 45ft. frontage.

As you will see by the plan, also bird's-eye view above of interior, the living-room overlooks north and west, but a wide roof overhang over the flower window shuts out the western sun in summer time. The west window overlooks the street, while the north French doors lead to a terrace, the sandstone wall and pergola of which would provide

privacy even on such a narrow lot, as well as shelter for the outdoor living space.

Under the flower window there is an outdoor cupboard for garden tools and furniture.

The dining annexe gives additional size to the living-room, and provides cross ventilation for both. It connects directly with the outdoor dining space on the cool side of the house, and features a flower window.

The kitchen is situated on the south side, and windows are overlooking the north. It has a sink and long working space under the windows, and is arranged so that the housewife may supervise the children's play, do the washing and cooking at the same time, and even can catch a glimpse of any arriving visitor or tradesman. Meals can be served through the window on to the partly sheltered dining terrace, or directly into the dining recess.

Connecting kitchen, garage, and laundry is the trades porch, so that

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW of the interior of the house, showing disposition of rooms and furniture.



COOL SIDE of the lounge in summer, with dining annexe opening off kitchen.

it is but one step (protected from the weather) from garage to kitchen.

Garage, of course, is optional and could be added at any later date. It provides extra space for a work or hobby bench, a feature appreciated by any handy man or youth.

Bedrooms are situated away from street noise and face the morning sun.

Rooms, excluding garage, is 1,100 square feet.

Construction is of brick, with external walls whitewashed, and bell-roof.

Fireplace wall is random rubble local sandstone.



ATTRACTIVE glimpse of northern aspect, showing trellised outdoor terrace, with French doors opening off living-room.

PAIN you can't "explain"

Blessed New Relief for Girls who Suffer Every Month.

WHEN pain, headache and muscular cramps are so bad that you can hardly drag your legs along . . . and you feel that all you want to do is sit down and cry . . . why don't you try a couple of Myzone tablets with water or a cup of tea.

They bring complete, immediate, safe relief from period pain, backache and sick-feeling—without the slightest "doping." Nurses who used to suffer the most exhausting, dragging pain every month—and business girls who dreaded making mistakes because of "foggy" mind—say Myzone relief is quicker, more lasting than anything else they've known.



"Myzone not only gives great relief, but seems to keep my complexion clear, as I used to get pimples." M.P.
★ The secret is Myzone's amazing Actevin (anti-spasm) compound. Try Myzone with your next "pain." All chemists.



Ford Pills have made me a new woman. It's marvellous to be free from the days of depression and pain I used to suffer every time.

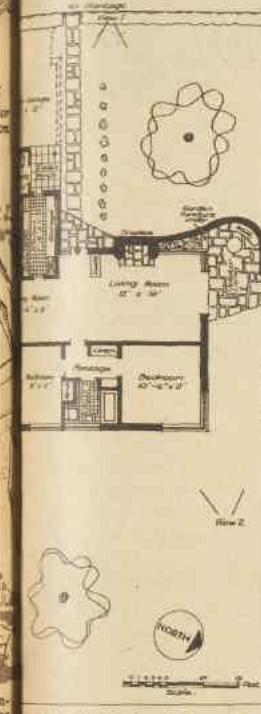
Ford Pills contain the concentrated extracts that give you the valuable laxative properties of fruit.

2/6 Everywhere
In unbreakable plastic tubes.

FORD PILLS



ARTIST'S SKETCH of the attractively designed L-shaped house. See description opposite page. Ground floor plan shown lower left.



PLAN of the L-shaped home designed by E. M. Buhrich.

KNITTING BOOK NOW READY

The Australian Women's Weekly Knitting Book for adults and children is now available from our offices and all newsagents. Beautifully illustrated, packed with selected designs, this 64-page book for 1947 will prove a boon to everyone.

Don't fail to get your copy now. Price 1/6, post free.



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Take off unwanted pounds — Fill in those desired curves — AT HOME!

Wouldn't you like to hear the compliments of friends and look and feel like a new person? My "Hollywood Slimming" Course will definitely help you. My simple, natural methods reduce unwanted fat, improve posture, removes thick, ugly fat, and molds a firmer, more youthful bustline.

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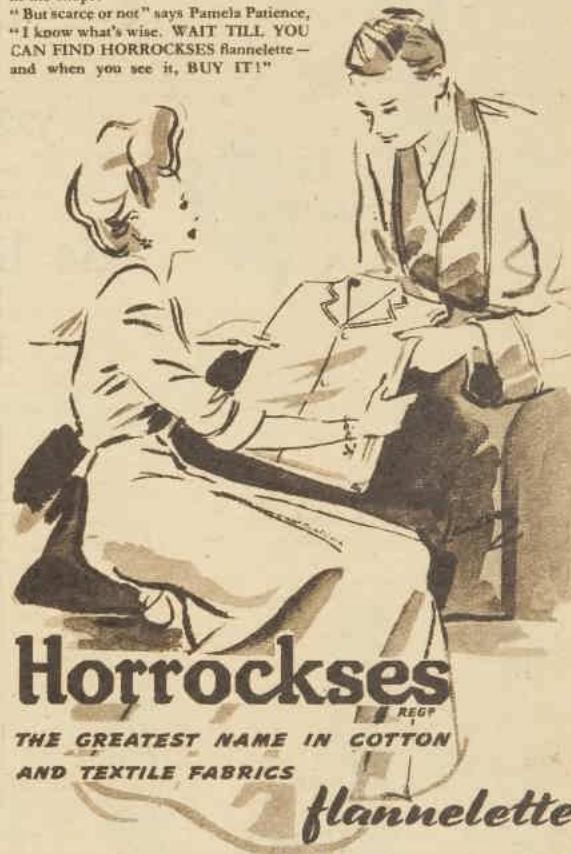
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Pamela Patience . . . I call those a real find

"The way you talk," says Pamela Patience, "anyone would think it was luck that got them for you, not my careful management. As a matter of fact, I waited and waited till I could get HORROCKSES flannelette for your pyjamas. You see, I know the HORROCKSES things. I know there's not a flannelette to touch HORROCKSES for softness, good looks and hard wear."

"Just now you can't always find HORROCKSES flannelette when you want it, but conditions are getting better, and gradually you will find more and more in the shops."

"But scarce or not" says Pamela Patience, "I know what's wise. WAIT TILL YOU CAN FIND HORROCKSES flannelette — and when you see it, BUY IT!"



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THE GREATEST NAME IN COTTON
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MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS A.I. LONGCLOTH

for Adorably
Smooth Hands

He'll fall in love with your adorably smooth, white hands . . . and you'll always keep them lovably soft with Pond's Hand Lotion. Every time you've had your hands in water and every night at bedtime, sprinkle on a few drops of Pond's Hand Lotion.

Rich, concentrated Pond's Hand Lotion is a special skin softener. You'll be thrilled how quickly hard-working hands respond to this simple Pond's care. At all chemists and stores.

pond's hand lotion

P.S.—When bare ankles get rough and chapped with sun and wind, you'll soon get them smooth again by massaging with Pond's Hand Lotion.



Interior Decorator

Advises wives that—

**“the time to plan
your decorations
is before
the home is built !”**



Curtains and Windows Curtains which hang to the floor are much more effective than those which just touch the window sill. So make your windows permit long curtains.



Floor Coverings It is always surprising how much more spacious a home seems once all the floors are covered to match. If floor to floor coverings are too expensive for young home makers, much the same effect of unity may be obtained simply by polishing floor



Walls and Ceilings Avoid a lot of little pictures. One or two large pictures are preferable. The walls should be a decoration in themselves and I always have walls, doors and all woodwork tinted in the same colour. Use the same soft pastel or ivory colours throughout a small house relying on soft furnishings for colour contrasts. Of course Cane-ite walls and

Ivory Cane-ite ceilings make it easy to carry out this single-tone colour scheme as a beautiful background for your furniture.

Bedrooms People always wonder why my bedrooms are so different. It is simply because I won't have bedroom suites. There is no reason why even the smallest home should not have

one wall entirely given over to built-in cupboards. The effect is delightful, and gives absolutely no impression that you've got a wall packed full of clothes and shoes.



Insulation Cane-ite walls and Ivory Cane-ite ceilings keep your home cool in summer and warm in winter. Your home is a much more pleasant place to live in all the year round. So easy to erect it brings down your building costs, too.



boards and having matched scattered rugs in your rooms. The walls and woodwork of adjoining rooms should match each other too. That is why I approve of Cane-ite for walls and ceilings. Cane-ite makes it so easy to have all rooms of the home in harmony.

Insulate and Decorate with—
CANE-ITE
WALLS AND CEILINGS

Sold by Hardware Stores and Timber Merchants everywhere

Manufactured by THE COLONIAL SUGAR REFINING CO. LTD.

(Building Materials Division)
Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide, Perth



The Australian Women's Weekly—May 31, 1951

Fashion PATTERNS



F4668.—You'll look efficient for the office, eye-catching as a sports spectator in this crisp day dress. Obtainable with short or three-quarter sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 54in. material, and 1yd. 36in. contrast. Pattern, 1/8.

F4669.—Sweetest feminine suit for winter dates. Make it in violet or lily-of-the-valley green, and you'll look as dainty as the flowers themselves. Obtainable with long or short sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 54in. material. Pattern, 1/10.

F4670.—There is classic purity of line and grace in this York coat, and you'll find it flattering and functional for all-weather wear. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 54in. material. Pattern, 1/8.

F4671.—You'll find endless uses for a basic skirt like the one pictured above, especially if you choose the color carefully to harmonise with all your winter clothes. Sizes 32 to 38in. hips. Requires 2yds. 54in. material. Pattern, 1/8.

F4672.—Casual but sophisticated could well be the tag for this dashing little dress. You'll find it a valuable asset to your winter wardrobe. Obtainable with either long or short sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 54in. material. Pattern, 1/8.

F4673.—For the soubrette glamor girl, ideal frock with glittering beaded pockets for added enchantment. Wear it for late afternoon or evening parties. Obtainable with long or short sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2yds. 54in. material. Pattern, 1/10.

• TO ORDER:
Fashion Patterns
may be had from our
Pattern Department.
If ordering by mail
send to address given
on page 33.



All good stores throughout Australia sell Adelyn—but don't be disappointed if you cannot always buy, owing to shortage of materials, the models you see illustrated. The best plan is to ask to see the latest Adelyn fashion releases whenever you are shopping. Adelyn's streamlined production means that Adelyn Frocks, Suits and Coats are as good as they look.



What we select— we guarantee!

In city shop or country store, wherever you find the P.L.B. Shield attached to clothing or material, it is an unconditional guarantee of quality.

We are Distributors of merchandise, handling every kind of clothing and material. We sell to shops throughout Australia and these shops, in turn, offer the goods to you.

Some articles we manufacture ourselves. Others we buy from reputable Australian makers. Others we buy from all over the world, wherever our Buying Office, our Buyers, or our Buying Representatives can find quality goods, whether in England, America, Europe or the East.

We, like everyone else, have had to "make-do" over the war years with whatever was available, but conditions are now changing and our expert Buyers are restoring the old standards of quality.

When a P.L.B. Buyer considers the article is of dependable quality he will attach the P.L.B. Shield. It is our unconditional guarantee given direct to you. It covers the whole range of clothing and material—shirts, socks, linens, dress materials, manchester, woollens and the rest. P.L.B. Shield goods are not plentiful. They will be in short supply for many months to come and your store will not always be able to show them. But at least you know that, when you do find an article carrying the P.L.B. Shield, you are getting an unconditional guarantee of quality from Paterson, Laing & Bruce Ltd.

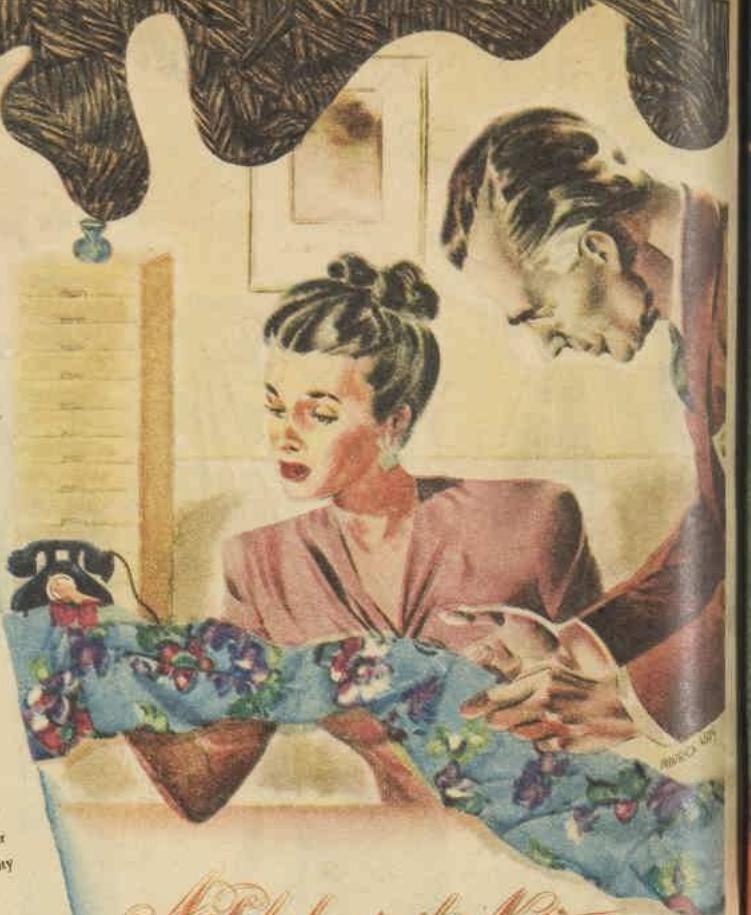
This Shield is your protection



P.L.B.

GUARANTEED QUALITY

PATERSON, LAING & BRUCE LTD



A Pledge to the Nation

... For years you have had to put up with "war quality." New things are slowly changing and reliable standards are coming back, but for some time to come, until materials are plentiful again, it may be hard to know what quality you are buying. You are entitled to a guarantee of quality.

No matter whether it be shirts, sheetings, socks, knitwear, men's or boys' clothing, piece goods, or anything you or your family wear—

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It is your dependable guarantee of quality. This is a pledge to the Nation by Paterson, Laing & Bruce Ltd.

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